THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

Magazine section of the Boston sunday Advertiser, issued by the Hearst Organization. Entered at the Boston, Mass., Postoffice as second class matter. Copyright, 1937, by the American Weekly. All Rights Reserved. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, England. Copyright, including copyright in the Dominion of Canada and all countries signatory to the International Copyright Union. Reproduction in whole or in part without permission is Expressly Prohibited.

Sunday, Oct. 31, 1937

Songs That Will Live Forever

A New Series of Paintings by Henry Clive

My Old Kentucky Home

By Stephen C. Foster

Weep no more, my lady, Oh! weep no more today!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky Home,
For the old Kentucky home far away.

—Published by G. Schirmer, Inc.

Where Boys Have Lots of "Fun" Playing at the Game of Death

Thousands of Czechoslovakian Schoolboys—As They Photographs Always Show—Play at War Games. They Get Such a Kick Out of the Sport That They Never Think of Their Possible Future Fate as Cannon Fodder

PRAGUE

"BANG. You're dead."

Youngsters the world over like to play soldier and pretend that the whittled sticks in their hands are high-powered military rifles which never fail to deal death and destruction to the "enemy." But while many countries have play martial games as the spirit moves them, they will readily turn from "war" to tag, rope-and-robbers, hide-and-go-seek or any other active and imaginative sport at which boys or youngsters and teenagers age have fun.

Not so in Czechoslovakia, however. Here while the war game which thousands of youngsters play during their vacation from school is a lot of fun for them, there is a real purpose behind it and it is played under the careful supervision of military experts. Unlike the youngsters in America, they don't just quit and start playing the game when they get tired of this or that. The government is much too interested in teaching them the principles of warfare so that they will never forget them and may be drafted if necessary as real soldiers when they grow up to cannon-fodder age.

Everything is done to keep the young Czechoslovakian interested in playing war. As in Italy, where thousands of youngsters are members of the Balilla and play military games here the Sokols or various associations organized by the government teach boys how to become good warriors, while they are thoroughly enjoying themselves.

Instead of playing with whittled sticks they are given dummy weapons of war which are scale models of the real things. Not only have they dummy rifles and dummy machine guns and similar equipment, but there are miniature army uniforms with, of course, caps, boots and all the other paraphernalia which makes up the various parts of a modern army corps.

There is a very good reason for dressing boys with all of this military equipment and teaching them how to use it, says Capt. Nechut, one of the army instructors. The modern army is made up of a great many sections and is dependent upon skilled craftsmen and professional men as well as ordinary soldiers. Naturally there has been some criticism from parents who believe that we are training their boys how to fight. This is true, of course, but they are patriotic enough to realize that the security of our country may depend upon the man-power of tomorrow, especially in view of the present unsettled condition of Europe.

It must also be remembered, however, that we are helping thousands of youngsters to shape their peacetime careers by encouraging their activity in what interests them most. Almost any kind of trade or profession that one can think of, whether it be a painter or doctor, a plumber or an engineer, may be found in the modern army. And so when the boys may be playing military games they also are taking pertinent lessons which may be of great value to them in their future careers.

As a result, the people at whom the games are aimed are very popular with mothers, especially as the boys from the city slums come back with their bodies developed and with a love of outdoor sports who could afford to give them expensive vacations but feel that they are being patriotic in so doing.

Pretty Lou Sawtelle, of Hermosa Beach, California, Let Attendants Plaster Her Shapely Body With Lubricating Grease to Protect Her from the Chilling Sea While Training for the Proposed Aquaplane Race from Catalina Island to Mainland.

Wears Chicago On the Hem of Her Evening Gown

WHEN Miss Betty Winkler of Chicago, goes to a dance or other social affair in her street evening gown, no one asks her if her dress came from Paris. She is so proud of the city of her birth that she wears a fanciful reproduction of its skyline right on the hem of her dress so there is no mistaking where either she or her dress comes from.

Local dress designers say that the frock is distinctive and original without being freakish and it may start a new vogue in evening gowns this winter. If that is so, people who go in social affairs will have to brush up on their geography so that they may be able to spot the girl from San Francisco by the outline of Golden Gate Bridge on her gown, the visitor from New York by the panorama of Rockefeller Center, the inhabitants from Washington by the White House and the Westerner from Denver by a view of the Rockies.

While Miss Winkler's idea is original as far as anyone are concerned, from time to time other odd evening gowns attract much attention. Recently a New York girl made an evening gown out of a stamp collection which she sent to a dealer to be made into dress parts. Old newspapers, wall paper, rug, tablecloths and many other odd things have been used for the same purpose. Many of these gowns are as strange as it may seem at first, one prominent dress designer observed. We must remember that Eve's first evening gown consisted of a fig leaf.

Miss Betty Winkler, One of Chicago's Prettier Singers, Shows Her Loyalty to the Midwest Metropolis by Wearing a Reproduction of Its Skyline Around the Bottom of Her Evening Gown.

All Greased Up And Some Place to Go

WHEN a girl looks as well in a bathing suit as pretty Lou Sawtelle does she has reason to be proud of her appearance. And sure her powder puff, lipstick and mirror accord with her. But although this California miss wears a stylish bathing suit and is considered one of the most attractive girls at Hermosa Beach, she forgets all about vanity when she mounts her aquaplane to practice for the 25-mile race from Manhattan Beach to Catalina Island.

Miss Sawtelle is much more interested in being known as a champion aquaplane rider than she is in winning any beauty contest and for that reason she smears a bucketful of grease all over her from head to toe whenever she guides a rocking, cactus-topped board over the waters of the Pacific behind a speeding motorboat.

Anyone who has aquaplaned the tossing rollers between the mainland and Catalina Island will testify to the fact that a race of this kind does not always go to the swiftest.

Thus Miss Sawtelle has frequent spills while practicing and most of them she makes deliberately, to harden herself for the race. The thick coating of grease is an idea which she borrowed from endurance swimmers. It not only lessens a swimmer's body resistance in cutting through the water, but also keeps the body warm, a decided advantage when swimming in the cold waters that are encountered a few miles off the mainland.

The motorboat which tows the aquaplane travels at a speed of 30 and more miles per hour. If the aquaplane rider takes a tumble, the boat may travel a quarter of a mile or more before it is brought to a stop. Then if the driver desires to circle around and pick up the aquaplane rider, valuable time is lost while the plane is hauled aboard so that the tow line will not foul the propeller.

It is generally easier for the driver to swing to the lead than vice versa and so Miss Sawtelle, forearmed with a covering of grease, is prepared to do a bit of swimming.

Englands Most Exclusive Club

LONDON

ALTHOUGH England is the home of many exclusive clubs whose members are carefully selected for their social, financial or political qualifications, the most exclusive of them all may open its doors to a laborer or grocery clerk, while closing them firmly to a duke or banker.

This club, which was recently started by Mr. C. G. Attenborough, who was once the strongest man in the Guards Regiment, is for strong men only and its purpose, strangely enough, is to protect the strong men from the weaker ones.

Mr. Attenborough and his fellow members believe that people with less muscle, but not necessarily more brains, think that the average strong man is muscle bound and dumb and take considerable delight in calling attention to that fact.

"Don't think," he says, "that strong men are merely weight lifters and iron benders. They may be as supple and agile as men who are many pounds lighter and far weaker."

A great deal of attention is paid to athletics as well as social activity at the Strong Man's Club, for members are out to prove that heavy exercise does not strain the heart or shorten life.

A duke may become a member of the club, not because he is a duke but because he is an expert at putting the shot or tossing the caber.

© 1937, by Associated Writers, Inc. Some Rights Reserved.

Sent His Love Messages Collect and Broke Her Heart

It Wouldn't Have Been So Bad If They'd Been Tender Words for HER, Complains Young Mrs. Ryan, But When All She Heard Were the Melting Phrases He Had Whispered to OTHER Women, She Revolted

Reverse Charges

John Barry Ryan, Papa of Tommy, Who Went Down on the Back of His Bills and Returned Them to His Creditors.

And on the Right—Another Ex-Bride in the Ryan Family, the Countess Marie Ann Wurmbrand-Stuppach, Whose Divorce from Clendenin J. Ryan Was Quickly Followed by Her Marriage to Her Childhood Sweetheart, Count Paiffy.

Mrs. Tommy Ryan II, Who Lived Happily in a Small Four-Room House in Wyoming, but Then Tommy Left, She Says, and the Collect Messages Started.

The First Mrs. Tommy Ryan, Whose Sojourn With Tommy in Paris Was Spoiled When the Police Charged Him With Passing Bad Checks.

Mr. Thomas Fortune Ryan II, Whom Maxine Thinks Ought to Be Named Misfortune—So Far as She Is Concerned.

HER heart, or her pocketbook, Mrs. Maxine (Jean Masters) Ryan, winner as the most quoted of Monarch Wyoming, switched the poke of her pa-in-law's wife one night and the telephone receiver with the other, and half accept she wouldn't think of anything right away except that maybe she'd sleep. Then she'd think of the facts set forth in her recent divorce complaint are correct—a cold, crisp fact—she must have risen with the sun.

Long distance calling Mrs. Thomas Fortune Ryan II.

"This is Mrs. Ryan."

Mr. Ryan wishes to speak to you and wants to reverse the charges.

"Wants to what?"

With impersonal impatience the voice came over the wire.

"Wants you to pay the bill."

"Oh!"

That was a strange request to come from the grandson of the late Thomas Fortune Ryan, the financier who, when asked about a friend, drew out and turned it around freely among his fours, including Mayme's husband.

But Mayme says she had about as good a reason for wanting to talk to Tommy as she had for refusing to pay the charges she says, not only that time but a lot of other times and not only for long distance telephone calls from practically anywhere but for long telegrams as well. And to make it all the stranger, these alleged messages were from a millionaire husband she now asserts had walked out on her six months after they were married and had been avoiding her for five long years, just as if she were trying to collect a bill, which seems to be another thing he does not like.

If was these "love" messages she intimates, that broke her heart. In fact, she gives a graphic description of the effect she claims they had on her by saying that she became "extremely nervous, upset and distraught," all of which has caused her great mental anguish as well as physical pain and suffering.

Love messages, prepaid or collect, usually do not have that effect on a wife. So these must have been an uncommon kind of love messages—and Mayme says they were.

She was eager to talk to him, of course. She hadn't seen him for quite a while, and there she sat at the telephone, hoping to hear a tender note in his voice as he said he was sorry about the way he had been acting and wanted her to come back to him. No doubt, she was trembling, and at the moment, who paid for the conversation seemed to be a trivial point. So evidently she said:

"All right, I'll accept the call."

It would have been heavenly if he had said:

"Honey, it's all a hideous mistake. You're the most wonderful woman in the world."

But if he had said that or anything that sensibly approaches it, Mayme had not seen fit to put it into her complaint. There was something she that Tommy had been sending sweet letters, too, and that seemed to be about all.

"Darling, I'm coming on a visit."

That would have taken the sting out of any unkind message quickly enough. But Tommy has a way of telling it, about all any collected for those reversed charges was a kind of reversed English she wasn't expecting and did not like. It was the same with the other messages she indicates they were love messages all right, but they were not timed to overflowing with zest for her for the words of her complaint. So mayful faraway lovelies interrupted her at this affectionate and intimate with other women," whose names she does not care to mention for will gladly furnish them upon request.

It is easy enough to imagine the telephone operator in the middle of the night by having the reverse from the long distance operator in Tommy's room, by not always getting results by misconnecting the wires. But hope springs eternal or anyway in Mayme's case, it kept right on springing up in her every time she heard the telephone jiggle or the door bell buzz for about five years.

She just couldn't understand, as she says, why he neglected to provide for her the common necessities of life. And every chance she got by accepting reversed calls she asked him about that, and also for money to travel to wherever he happened to be.

But the frugal millionaire seems to have felt that it was too proper for his wife to pay telephone tolls to discuss that subject with him, judging by the tone of her complaint, and apparently avoided it scrupulously. He had other things to talk about, she claims, and he must have done it without artfully he may have told her about these other women whose names she does not care to mention, it was hard for her to believe that he did not love her.

When he married her back in 1931, he laughed at the wrath of his father, the quiet, poetry-writing John Barry Ryan, who promptly disinherited the obstreperous Tommy. But that turned out to be an empty gesture because Tommy had already inherited the income from a $4,000,000 trust fund established for him by his grandfather's will, which also stipulated that John Barry Ryan was only to have a life interest in the income from another [illegible] Tommy [illegible] Ryan [illegible] without serving [illegible] sentence.

Mayme's disappointment over Tommy was mild compared to the shock he first felt when she received the first of her messages with him in progress. The first Mrs. Thomas Fortune Ryan II was the former Miss Margaret Mayer. Margaret had been married to Tommy [illegible] giving [illegible] and received a [illegible] decree. When she [illegible] Tommy [illegible] Paris [illegible] made it known to [illegible] of friends but to the [illegible] of a uncle. And among [illegible] who were delighted with the news of [illegible] were [illegible] creditors who hoped for its [illegible] with the fortunate couple. But [illegible] assessments came swiftly.

On the honeymoon, Tommy dropped out of sight for several days in Paris and then showed up all out of breath just in time to catch the boat train to Havre for the return voyage to New York. But as he and his bride were walking up the ship's gangplank, detectives pounced on him and said he couldn't go because there were charges against him.

It turned out that the charges were about $3,000 for a flock of checks Tommy had tossed around in the Montmartre district of Paris, drawn on various banks in which he had carelessly neglected to make deposits. Margaret had plenty of money in her bank and would have been glad to reverse those charges right there by writing out a check. But the French authorities explained that it wasn't so much the money as the principle of the thing, and that there were also criminal charges which were not so easy to reverse.

So Margaret sailed alone, a "nervous wreck," and finished up her honeymoon also alone, in Jamaica while Tommy was taken back to Paris. No doubt he felt the French Government was taking a rather lofty attitude toward the comparatively trivial amount of bad checks he had passed, after having given Uncle Sam bum checks that ran up into the millions, for war debts. But the same the French police was about to make an example of him and send him to prison when the first wife of the princess waved their arms as if frightened as soon the most unselfish mental turn put up and [illegible]

After the [illegible] Margaret [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Made a Freak of the Perfect Beauty

LONDON

SOME of England's most celebrated artists and photographers were among the hundreds of friends who recently congratulated beautiful 19-year-old Elmira Humphreys when she was chosen "Radio Queen" from among 2,000 applicants. But when they saw her in the freakish costume which she was compelled to wear to depict the Spirit of Radio, an angry storm of protest immediately broke, which is still echoing in artistic circles.

Miss Humphreys, who hails from Southampton, is regarded as an almost perfect beauty. Although most models are selected for some particular feature or modification, few measure up to the critical requirements of artists and photographers in every respect. For that reason, a model may be picked because she has exquisite hands, a charming smile or shapely legs, and frequently artists who wish to draw a perfect woman will make a sort of composite using the best features of several models.

This is not necessary when Miss Humphreys poses. From the top of her lovely bobbed head to her graceful silk arches, she is just what artists and photographers seek for as a model. It is quite apparent, therefore, that her many admirers delighted when she was selected Radio Queen. Almost a great deal of publicity resulted, and her friends believed that she would get the recognition which her charm deserved, in every corner of the British Empire, as well as on the Continent and in America.

Miss Humphreys herself was well pleased at having been picked. That is, she was happy until she saw the costume that was designed for her. Tonight, with a fantastic cap and crown with wire rays symbolic of radio sparks was placed on her head, disarranging the blonde hair and nearly concealing the perfect nose which had been enthusiastically praised by so many artists.

The exquisite hands with long tapering fingers that were a joy to photographers were covered with cuffings topped with more radio spark symbols. The others were fastened to her legs, hiding their graceful contours.

Miss Humphreys, with her spirits drooping, sat and wept, but she put on such greetings and then nevertheless posed in the costume without a murmur. Her drooping features were lost in their interest.

Then there were those who made a fuss, as is one moment to purchase the secret of concealing the imperfections of the body, instead of using attention to Miss Humphreys' perfect figure. Dressmakers and others were called for consultation, and for the next three hours the model was fitted and refitted. Ladies and beauticians the faces of the girls in the advertising posters would be improved or spoiled by the change.

Miss Humphreys realizes she has not lost much, probably has the most perfect hands and legs in London, yet the formal were hidden in unnatural folds and the latter were made to appear grotesque.

The truth of his remarks may be judged by the two photographs of Miss Humphreys which appear on this page. At the top is a reproduction of the photographs taken after she posed as her audience as England's Radio Queen. At the bottom she is seen as she really is, with her vivacious face and beautiful body. Her perfect hands and legs contrasted by the bizarre costume made her perfect beauty seem grotesque.

Rare Triplets for the London Zoo

ORDINARY baby alligators are not much to look at, but when they are three in one and sharing the same fat, tiny mass they have become an enormous treat over which thousands of persons have stopped through the years. In spite of this fact, the London Zoo has failed to have a new alligator since the beginning of the World War.

With Chinese alligator being as scarce as ever now, any one should be glad to get a pair, and now that the London Zoo has acquired them it is expected that a regular flock will soon be forthcoming.

The keeper says proudly that the breeding of monkeys is almost the highest form of sport at the zoo. Monkeys are the best entertainers, and they are also extremely interesting because in fact quite frequently. Of course, the monkey house is the most popular, but why? Because they make such grotesque faces? Because they are so much like human beings? Because they are funny? Because they are clever? These matters invite a good deal of research.

The keeper also points out that the breeding of monkeys is almost the highest form of sport at the zoo. Monkeys are the best entertainers, and they are also extremely interesting because in fact quite frequently. Of course, the monkey house is the most popular, but why? Because they make such grotesque faces? Because they are so much like human beings? Because they are funny? Because they are clever? These matters invite a good deal of research.

For Years the London Zoo Has Been Trying to Acquire One of These Rare Chinese Alligators. Now They Have Three of Them Which, If They Live, Will Some Day Be Ugly Monsters 10 Feet Long.

Whole Town Gets in Cat Fight

IN order to get a complete picture of the great Edwardsville (Ill.) cat warfare, the first necessity is to go back to the cat-years. A prominent Edwardsville citizen suffered severely through an attack of cat-arth, an epidemic of cat-appliance and a scourge of cat-birds. When a neighbor's cat strolled into his garden, however, and cat-apulted itself up a tree after his favorite canary, he nearly had a cat-aniption fit, which got so hurtful to the City Council and amid much cat-terwauling demanded that if all Edwardsville cats weren't immediately locked in to give the birds a break, they should either be dragged off to a cat-acombs or taken out on a cat-amaran and dumped over a cat-aract.

Duly impressed, the city fathers passed an ordinance requiring bells and licenses for every cat and either that privately owned or hoarded within Edwardsville limits.

That was what started things.

One hundred and eighty-four cat owners, aided and abetted by every pussy-proponent in the neighborhood, held an indignant mass meeting and decided to tell the City Council that it was letting politics get much too much of a cat's paw. An alderman was chosen as spokesman.

"Hell's bells," he told the Council, with considerable heat. "There aren't any cat tests. They make Santa Claus railroad dogs, cow dipper, fire and comfort tests but none for cats. Besides that, the ordinance holds the city of Edwardsville up to ridicule, if not having the finger of scorn pointed at it by every cat-lover from the rock-bound coast of Maine with its famous fish-eating felines to the sunny coast of California, wherein playful kittens roll oranges on the verdant greensward."

He and others present, argued eloquently that there were more important civic matters to be considered than the belling of tabbies.

The Council is now seriously thinking of repealing the ordinance.

Clever Corn-on-the-Log Sculpture

Farmer Peter Johnson of Alvo, Nebraska, With the Unique Corn-on-the-Log Gatepost Which He Carved from a Cottonwood Log.

Where Bruises Cost $250 a Square Inch

Miss Elmira Humphreys, the Nineteen Year Old "Perfect Beauty" Who Was Picked From 2,000 Pretty Contestants to Reign As England's Radio Queen. Artists Proclaimed Her for Her Graceful Curves, Her Blond Hair, Blue Eyes, Her Ideal Nose and Her White, Even Teeth. They Were Disappointed and Shocked When They Saw Most of These Feminine Charms Covered Up and Distorted by the Bizarre Costume (in the Large Photograph Above) Which, They Said, Transformed Her Into an Unattractive Freak.

Mystery of Little Iga Who Reads People's Minds

Science Puzzled by a Twelve-Year-Old Latvian Girl Who Can Hardly Spell or Write but Repeats Accurately What You Are Thinking and Can Even Recite Passages in Latin as Her Mother Looks in Silence at the Words

THIS summer the interest of the scientific world was drawn to the little country of Latvia where a young girl was reported to be able to read minds. Until a few months ago scientists condemned all such claims as unbelievable, but recent strictly scientific experiments have modified this attitude. To give its readers a first-hand account of the Latvian girl and the scientific investigations which have been made in her case, The American Weekly commissioned its Riga correspondent to make a personal investigation. His report follows:

By HENRY GRIS
Special Latvian Correspondent for The American Weekly

The Little Schoolhouse at Ilzene, Latvia, Which Iga Attends and Where Her School Teacher Discovered Her Peculiar Telepathic Sensitivity.

Iga Kirps, Whose Apparent Ability to Read Thoughts Has Attracted the Attention of European Scientists and Withstood All the Severest Tests for Trickery.

Mrs. Kirps and Iga. Although the Child Responds to Experiments by Others, She Seems to Work More Easily with Her Mother and Will Respond to the Mental Call From Her Although a Mile Away.

Joan of Arc Listening to the "Voices." It Has Been Suggested That Much of the Maid of Orleans Mysterious Power Had the Same Source of Supernormal Perception as That Which Enables Iga, Another Peasant Girl, to Read Minds.

© 1931 by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

(Continued on Page 16)

Self Start Of Language Traced To Baby Talk

"WHATEVER else a child may lack," writes M. M. Lewis in his recent book "Infant Speech," "it is certainly not the power of making a noise." But a scholar trying with academic prose to fathom the babblings of a tiny baby, makes a picture that has its humor. Yet any mother will welcome whatever help science can offer.

It isn't easy to know what baby is trying to say. But the first thing, which is as a rule ignored, is to decide how the infant gets to say anything at all. It was Shakespeare who wrote: "I can tell you where that saying was born." But science now shows the humble origin not of a phrase but of all language. Speech takes its birth in the "burps" and bubbling that baby makes after being fed.

A baby's gurgles are the natural result of lying back in comfort after feeding. The tongue, by lolling against the soft palate, is what produces the characteristic sounds. But later the "belch and grunt" noises come to express other kinds of satisfaction. The after-dinner complacency lingers and baby notices things not only with pleasure but as objects of play. These toys get expression in the only way the infant knows, by the same contented babbling that formerly came just after meals.

The way baby gets to say "mama" turns out to be less flattering to the mother that she might suppose. It was found in the study that the sound of "m" as an expression of hunger in babies because it comes from mouth movements bound up with that state, such as sucking. Wherever symptoms of hunger or need, the baby gets to make the sound that means feeding. This "m" becomes baby's main means of communication, in which he is helped by the mother who says "mum-mum" when coaxing him to take food.

The sound gets to be associated with the mother who supplies the food that makes the sound. The mother imitates the sound, and the baby tends to imitate his own sounds, and so by mutual imitation and usage the word "mama" comes to be formed. So tied with his needs is the word that it's a long time before an infant gets to think of mama as a person.

As for the "papa" sound, it is also used by baby for other persons and may even signify the nursery. It is a satisfactory sound almost as different from the hunger sounds of "mama" as is with language. "I like you" is frequently a more familiar form of address than "I love you," and baby says "papa." He has to be taught that "papa" is a word to be used only for the father. It won't do to have baby use every man he sees "papa," and a social pressure is exerted on babyhood at this point.

Words for food, drink and other related sounds develop, such as "papa, baba tata dada nana and wawa." These sounds tend to be made by infants of all countries for babies alone can speak an international language. Words like "cookies" and "bottle," however, call for a knowledge of English, and so do not have an origin that is self-starting. These words are children's copies of words supplied by parents.

Still, they seem hard to learn for it's a smart child that can say a word at the end of a year. As a result he tries to use a limited number of his own sounds to cope with the great variety of situations met. Words are thereupon stretched beyond recognition. "Ilita" being used for tricycle and "nim" for cream. Sounds the baby has not yet attempted to him for words he can't work at, indeed, for babies.

While word-groups are given the same beginning or ending, such as "ic" tacked to words like "higgic" for dog, it is these shortcuts and memory devices that first reveal the potentialities of the child's understanding, at this stage one has to be almost a detective.

Names are for children just ways to see things. To say "dog" is something one is not mean awareness of that thing only, but a desire to have or see it.

By the age of two months a child imitates sounds more readily when attentive to the person making it but in any case most readily when the sound is a voice. This evidently is an inborn factor originally regard a voice as a grouped set of features. Gradually bathing develops. This is not on an expression of a mood but is done for its own sake. Few persons outgrow this early pleasure in hearing themselves talk, after dinner speakers seem to be mature examples.

Even this stage of infantile babbling is divided by scientists into "echolalia" and "lalalalia." Echolalia is repetition in an apparently meaningless and hypnotic way. The instinctive sense is to be that the more a baby hotches the less he cannot freely control infants especially go in for this sort of thing.

Melanola, on the other hand, is imitation of a word some time after it is heard and in the way that language is properly learned.

Babbling, being sound for its own sake, is in fact a rudimentary form of art. As such, it tends to be not only a combination of sounds, but even a pattern of intonation. Babbling carries a rough kind of "tune" which is pleasing to hear. The reason that babies repeat themselves is to be sure, not as simple as the sounds they make. Apparently, according to one authority, a situation which calls for a certain kind of sound is apt to evoke its repetition. A primary response to any situation is a recurrence of sounds. Only with age does one learn to avoid such repetition as is favored by babies, birds and animals.

The Way Baby Gets to Say "Mama" Is Not Flattering. It Is a Sound That Originates by Association With Food and Feeding. Mother Usually Hums "Mm" to Coax the Child to Eat

What Happened To Climax Recent Interesting Stories

"WHAT happened to wicked Madame Moulay Hassen, who saved sixteen French officers by disguising them as members of her household of girls practicing the oldest profession in the world in her 'House on the City Wall'" — an exclusive double feature recently printed in The American Weekly.

"Did they ever find the mysterious Marie Louise, who seduced the highly placed, highly respectable and highly trusted Lieutenant Norman Baillie-Stewart of the Seaforth Highlanders, who was put in the historic Tower of London for betraying his country through love of this subtle lady."

"Did Mrs. Gladys T. Orr of Miami Beach, Florida ever succeed in collecting that $3,000,000 against her husband, his mother and the 'other woman' — a vivid human interest story presented with facts never before revealed in The American Weekly."

And what happened to this person or that person whose life's problems, dilemmas, tragedies and comedies were told in the pages of this magazine?

Today are told the subsequent chapters of these and other recent articles.

Well, the very day after the story about wicked Madame Moulay Hassen appeared that lady was beheaded in Fez, Africa. She was found guilty of putting up her pretty girls like a butcher seasoning flesh with delicate herbs for her pampered sahs waiting in others of her pleasure houses, and mostly the gratitude of the French Republic and the personal interest of various highly placed French officers and officials who visited her "House on the City Wall," a pink Garden of Paradise, suffering the rigors of the desert and not her head.

Yes, Marie Louise, the "vampire spy" was exonerated. But a little too late for earthly restitution. A few years ago the French government announced that Marie Louise, who lived under many aliases but whose real name was Barcaroff. This ended the lurid romantic career of one of the most attractive of European spies. But after her seduction of Lieutenant Baillie-Stewart, who for the sake of his love betrayed secrets of the defenses of Scapa Flow to Captain Hubert Wessler, a German, who was selling his country's secrets to the English. Marie Louise used the same technique on Wessler.

But apparently the attractive lieutenant learning an English officer has benefit of confession and charging a fellow officer for the benefit of England was a little too much for Marie Louise, so she avowed that her own name was a straight one, to believe someone else's, and that she was the prisoner of the British and not they of her. She brought the lieutenant to his knees and added Marie Louise will for the rest of her life to him personally.

One thing that caused her to enter the convent was that the German officials had so learned as the English before the outbreak of the war, as well as the French, that when Marie Louise heard that the young and handsome German she had betrayed had been beheaded she realized that her own game had turned on her. She had made Wessler love her and had trapped him. But unfortunately in doing so had fallen in love with him herself.

She pleaded with the military authorities to rescind the death order. She offered to guarantee with her own life that Wessler would never again betray his country. But her pleas failed and Wessler was executed.

In the same series of articles Miss Lansdale the author told the true story of the famous Count Rossi in Italy. Rossi, it will be remembered, once was chief of Mussolini's secret police. It has long been an open secret among those in the army that the assassination of Matteotti the Italian socialist and enemy of Mussolini, was executed and under the supervision of the secret police. This became so well known, in fact, that somebody had to be made the goat or else there might have been a political upheaval. Rossi was one of those chosen to be that goat but in order that he should not suffer too much, it was arranged for him to escape from prison over the border into France with plenty of money in his pockets.

Rossi would have been all right if he had kept his mouth shut but when the money ran out and there was some difficulty about getting more, he began to make remarks that were unfriendly to Mussolini. An attractive young dancer who also was a spy, Ilona Carmondy, was hired and eventually she lured Rossi to within a few hundred feet of the border of Italy where he was captured by the Fascists who dragged him into Italy where he was sent to prison for thirty years.

When a new heir to the Italian throne was born recently four years were lopped off Rossi's sentence by special amnesty.

On this side of the ocean, Mrs. Gladys T. Orr of Miami Beach, who at one time had suits for $3,000,000 running against her husband, his mother and the other woman, was finally granted a divorce from the millions manufacturer. Orr had filed suit charging intemperance and unfaithfulness, but the court found for Mrs. Orr and awarded her custody of the couple's child, interest free to pay $200 a month alimony, and pay $3,000 attorney fees. Mrs. Orr previously had won an award of $25,000 from Miss Dorothy Clarke of New York in an alienation of affections suit. This judgment has been appealed and the case is now pending.

Despite the Interest of French Officers in Fez, Wicked Madame Moulay Hassen, Who Murdered Her Harem of Pretty Girls and Fed Their Bodies to Her Cats, Lost Her Head on the Guillotine

Painless Surgery In China 2,000 Years Ago

SCIENCE gets more evidence all the time that the ancient Chinese had nearly everything known to modern man except a few items like the quarter-light and radio. They invented the printing press, the mariner's compass, gunpowder, newspapers, porcelain and silk. They had orchestras, mail service and public libraries filled with the biggest encyclopedias and histories ever written. Theirs and trade were carried on by means of magnificent highways, systems in an age when the Western world was plunged in barbarism.

All this is a matter of common knowledge. But one of the things that the modern age takes credit to itself for is its advanced skill in anesthesia. Yet most of the modern art of curing, it is now revealed, that there's not so much that's new. A fat volume was recently published in Shanghai by Dr. K. Chimin Wong, of the Chinese National University, and Mr. Lien Teh, of the National Quarantine Service of China, entitled "Chinese Medicine," but its contents are strangely clear today.

The book gives a glimpse of the methods of Chinese medical lore in doing so it shows to what an astonishing degree the past has anticipated the present. Perhaps the most remarkable of all is the profoundly based on at least four references in Chinese medical history that X-rays were known to the ancients in some form or other.

One of the most famous doctors of antiquity was Hua Chi'o, who lived in the Age of Confucius. He is said to have had a hand among the many other things he did, in the invention of the first anesthetic. This was a drug called ma-fei-san, according to a biography of him written by Wang Shu-ho. The Chinese name was made from the characters for hemp, wine and powder, and was a kind of opium. Hua Chi'o is said to have used it in performing operations on the abdomen.

Hua Chi'o was also a master of acupuncture, which is being practiced by Western physicians and hailed as the "latest" thing.

For example, Epinephrine, now commonly used in Europe and America as a remedy for that has been used by the Chinese for more than 4,000 years. The herb grows in the Orient under the name of Ma Huang. Other "new" remedies which prove to have been known to the ancients are gland remedies for goiter and cretinism, chaulmoogra oil for leprosy, and liver diet for anemia.

As if in final proof that there is nothing much under the sun that is new, even Li Shih-chen admitted that most of the drugs he listed were not new but imported from still older civilizations. He was in the respect rather more candid or more learned than most modern practitioners.

A Man Named Yeh in the Tang Dynasty, Was Supposed to Have a Mirror Made of Iron, Which When Placed Over the Patient Would Reveal the Sufferer's Particular Ailment

Why Cooking Really Doesn't Injure Vegetables

THE health faddists who are all the time trying to change people's diets have been dealt another crushing blow by science. Proof that cooking doesn't harm vegetables has come from the Mellon Institute Research Council, which had the problem studied in the laboratory by R. A. McCance and his associates.

Many a housewife has been taught to worry about throwing away vegetable "juices." But the water in which vegetables are cooked turns out to be practically worthless. Science now knows for a certainty that little vegetable per cent is lost in water. Calcium phosphorus and iron practically all of it stays in the plant, where it belongs. Some vegetables even gain weight and salts in water cookery, especially when salt is added to the boiling.

The most careful cooking by steam or by small amounts of water saves only three percent of the vegetable's essence, it was found by actual measurement. Analyzed vegetables were cooked in analyzed water and both were again analyzed after the cooking and the difference was laboriously noted. The results as charted by the scientists prove their case beyond a doubt.

Not only does little of the vegetable's value boil out, but what loss occurs there is proportional and so nearly as is lost altogether as the dietitians would assume. One of the valuable essentials of vegetables in calcium, necessary for the formation of bones and teeth. Only one pound of calcium at all is boiled vegetables has ever it spinach.

Even the volume of the cooking water it was found does not greatly affect the issue.

The skin of potatoes, when left on them for boiling, were found to prevent loss of salts almost completely. This surface resistance to the leaching action of water seems to work to some extent in most vegetables. Fresh vegetables, it appears lose little or no mineral when soaked in cold water.

But potatoes brought the biggest surprise in a number of respects. It was found that in frying or baking them, nothing was lost except water. These dry methods of cooking as they are called are therefore approved by science.

There is a saying that the public knows what is best and this seems to be true in the case of fried potatoes. Not only does such a method of cooking keep in all the essentials but the potatoes also absorb fat and so their food value is tripled. Thus the popularity of fried potatoes is vindicated.

© 1936, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved

Wife of a God, or Widow of a Flier?

Tragic See-Saw Between Hope and Despair of Gertrude Redfern, Who Couldn't Make Up Her Mind Whether Her Husband Was Alive or Dead, but Now Asks the Courts to Give Her His Death Warrant Whether He Is Alive or Not

A Skull Set at the Entrance to a Forbidden River Is a Grim Traffic Post Saying "Pass On—And Die." To Get Into the Heart of the Jungle for News of Redfern's Actual Fate, as Was Tried by Several Expeditions, Searchers Had to Pass by Many of These.

A Quaint Old Point Showing How the Savages Who Inhabit the River Orinoco Zealously Preserve Their Beloved Chiefs and Other Men of Honor So That They May Worship Their Skeletons Indefinitely, and It May Be That Paul Redfern's Skeleton Is Thus Enshrined.

Redfern's Plane "Port of Brunswick" Photographed During the Test Flight Just Before He Started Her Ill-Fated Trip Not Long After His Honeymoon.

FOR ten years Mrs. Gertrude Redfern has been torn with doubts whether she is the wife of a South American god or the widow of the handsome young aviator, Paul Redfern, who flew away after their honeymoon, dropped a message as a steamer near the coast of Dutch Guiana and vanished into mystery. Now at last she is asking the courts of Detroit to declare her legally a widow.

On October 30, 1927, Paul Redfern, 23-year-old son of San Francisco's leading banker, Alvinza Hayward, of Shaw University, Raleigh, North Carolina, kissed his fearful bride and stepped into the plane that was meant never to stop until it reached Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, far down the South American continent.

It was a long and dangerous trip that would take him over stretches of the Atlantic, the Caribbean Sea and unexplored jungles, the "green hell" through which the equator must cut its way with a machete. But surely nothing would be all right if the gasoline lasted, the engine did not falter and the nose piloted did not lose its way.

In the crowd at the flying field at Brunswick, Georgia, bidding cheerful word to offer the brave young man dearest treasures, rabbit feet, lucky pieces and other charms which they were sure had preserved their lives and now would do the same for him. He declined them all, taking nothing in that line but a picture of the pretty 20-year-old bride and his trade.

"You are my luck," said the gallant Georgian, "the greatest luck in my life. I don't worry, don't mind—nothing can stop me from coming back to you."

The plane, heavily laden with gasoline, staggered into the air and away to the South. This was followed by two days of that dreadful silence and suspense which always develop when a flier, which left, is reported lost and never return. Then came the first of a long series of messages which have kept the forlorn bride alternating between hope and despair the past ten years.

At eight bells high noon, the skipper of the Norwegian freighter Kristian Knight, supplied through his seafarer at the way, had a little tapping with the aid of a code. He organized emergency in the ship's log the exact position of the watery desert of the South Atlantic.

This done, he hustled out of the pilot house and everybody else began pointing at. An airplane was overhauling the Kristian Knight from the North and as it drew nearer a cloud of the sky emerged now and whooping the freighter's whistle blasts, dropped something which plunged through the canvas covering of a life boat. Eager hands ripped away the covering and found wrapped around a monkey wrench, a note which was placed in the captain's hands.

It is in English, he grumbled, get the carpenter.

"Chips," generic title for all ship's carpenters, had lived a year in New York, which made him the leading English scholar on board, but he did not have to be called because he had come on deck with the others. Holding the note at arm's length as far sighted sailor men do, he explained in Norwegian:

He wants direction and distance of nearest port.

The captain knew that exactly because he had just, when the wind ordered the carpenter to write the answer in white paint on the mainsail which never when sets, for in its many years was the only sail aboard. With broad strokes of the brush, Chips wrote:

Parahamba, 10 degrees 20 south, 30 degrees 40 west.

The airplane plane rocked from side to side three times in salute of thanks, then shot away Southward, followed by two blasts of the steamer's siren, acknowledging the salute, and as soon the plane turned to answer to the acknowledgment.

How could he hear us that far out with all the noise he makes?" the carpenter inquired of the captain.

He didn't, answered the skipper, he could see the steam plume from the whistle, and anyway, he would know that a Norwegian ship always does the right thing."

At midnight the Kristian Knight crept into Parahamba harbor that an American flier was out and gave her report message, wrench and all to the American consul. Four days later he completed hole marked by Hunters who identified the writing as his own.

No other persons had sighted the plane and but for this one positive assurance that Redfern was safely headed more than an hour's flight from land, the father and the bride would have been resigned themselves to the conviction that Paul was dead. It happened that only a few weeks before Redfern's disappearance a French aviator, St. Roman, flying from Africa, had been swallowed up in the tropical jungles. The Brazilian government sent out the first organized search, ordering the mayors of all municipalities to send runners into the jungle asking headmen of the villages if any white men had tumbled out of the sky or any thunder birds had passed. It took six months to convince the authorities that there was no trace of either flier.

The wife was told, as the father was, but refused to accept it. He explained to his mourning daughter in law that there were thousands of places in the great jungle area where not only had no white man ever been seen, but no native might go more in many centuries. In spite of that last grave promise, Mrs. Redfern finally gave up Paul for dead but, vainly had she done so, than suddenly she was all hope again.

In half a dozen remote communities of the huge country of Brazil every one began discussing stories about a white aviator who had broken both legs when his monoplane crashed in an inaccessible place far inland. The place was vague, but all the stories were quite definite about the rest. The crash in a tree top had been witnessed by several members of a savage tribe who had carried the white man to their hearest village on his legs crudely made a result of the big bird and were worshipping the flier as a god.

At the request of France and the United States Brazil looked into these stories and another period of frantic suspense followed. Again the report died of flimsy cause, some one in Brazil knew its natives and said that these tales had not come to town in the way that true stories of the jungle do.

Mrs. Redfern's heart was broken all over again and once more or sooner had this happened, than new hopes were revived by new reports. Each time the new accounts were more exact and specific than before but only to be destroyed by seemingly irresistible facts.

The tormented woman got a position with a manufacturing company in Detroit and supported herself. Young pretty, she was admired by many eligible men who wanted to marry her. Her twenties, the best years of a woman's life, were slipping away but she had to lock her heart against everyone.

Wife of the Long Lost Aviator, Mrs. Gertrude Redfern, Who at Last Believes Her Husband to be Dead and Asks the Courts to Declare Her Officially a Widow

Paul Redfern, the Missing Aviator, Believed by Many Travelers in Haiti Now Adopted as a White God by the Jungle Tribes.

How could she be sure whether she was a widow with the right to marry, or the wife of a successful white god who, for some reason, could not escape his worshippers and get back to the arms of his beloved bride?

Even the cold, scientific Smithsonian Institution was sufficiently impressed by the Redfern disappearance to send out by the Institution, with orders to spare no expense, a search party to find survival to send one of its expeditions far off its course vainly running down a hopeful clue.

All it got was the tattered shreds of what once had been a coat and hat, but there was no evidence that these had belonged to Paul Redfern. Penelope, legend's most faithful waiting wife, is supposed to have waited for 20 years. During the first ten, her husband Ulysses was at the siege of Troy. But when that was over, he managed to get lost for ten more on the short trip home across the Mediterranean. However, he finally did show up, so how long should this Penelope wait?

Mrs. Redfern had just made up her mind that five years were enough when Toni Roche, a German-American explorer, stumbled out of the Brazilian jungle in the face of hostile natives. This would require a heavily armed expedition which he wanted to lead immediately.

But again the story was discredited.

Mrs. Redfern was stunned. How could such contradictory things keep happening?

Yet, when two years passed without another word from Roche, it seemed evident that he must be a fake. And just then he turned up in Cuba. Panama, explaining his silence by the assertion that all his papers and effects had not yet been received from Brazil. Now he had the American Consul his story in great detail and was so eager to be believed that he put his statement in the form of an affidavit, thus making himself liable to imprisonment for perjury in case he was proved to be lying.

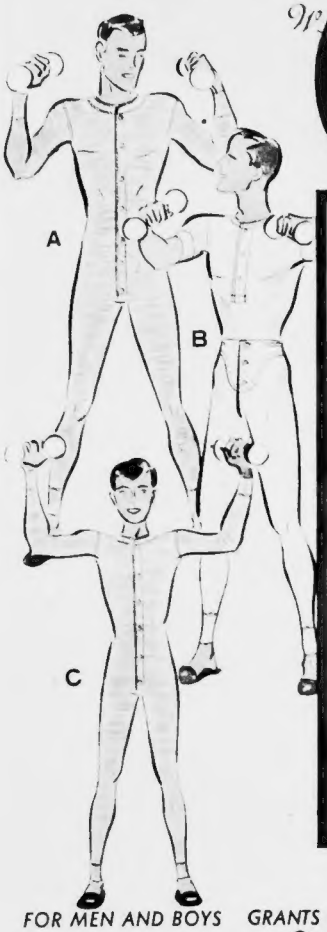
Yes, he had spent three months with the man who said he was Redfern and hobbled around on crude crutches. Paul had married a native and had a boy who looked much like him. The natives worshipped him but would not let him go because they thought he brought them luck and prosperity. Of course he alone could not get him through the jungle in the face of hostile natives. This would require a heavily armed expedition which he wanted to lead immediately.

But again the story was discredited

© 1928 by American Weekly Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

GRANTS KEEPS FAMILIES WARMLY DRESSED

North · South
East · West



● Come tomorrow — under a welcoming orange and gold sign — to a unique, thrilling, modern, money-saving shopping experience.

Come to a store that is both LARGE *and* SMALL *at the same time!*

Your W. T. Grant Store is LARGE. It represents the cooperative buying power and management skill of 1,031 Grant Stores. Large enough to get things for you direct from factories by methods that *eliminate many* — save you as much as 10¢ or more to begin with on nearly everything you buy. Large enough to take a *small profit on many sales* instead of a large profit on a few sales. Large enough to save you money, day in and day out, every day of the year.

At the same time, your W. T. Grant Store is SMALL — small enough to be a real part of your community — so that it pays wages, taxes, rent, and brings buying power straight into your own neighborhood — small enough so that it can keep constantly in step with the needs in your town and carry just what you want.

Let the values on this very page show you how well this unique NATIONAL business of LOCAL stores works out. Grants spends less getting this warm fall underwear to you — takes less profit. *More of your dollar, therefore, goes into the actual merchandise* — you get more for your money. You and your neighbors can buy more — the makers can sell more . . . workers can earn more. All because Grants sells so much merchandise.

But each community has its own individual needs and preferences in underwear. And your Grant Store knows just what weights and types of underwear to carry to meet the needs of your community. Your friends and neighbors who run your local Grants business see to this.

This amazing story of Grants service to you — to employees — to manufacturers is possible because 31 years ago W. T. Grant foresaw this modern, economical way of doing business — said "Not how much I can get for myself but how much can I give to my customers for their money."

Why not let us give you more for your dollars also? It seems only good sense in this day and age. Save not only on your underwear budget, but also on almost everything you'll need this fall for yourself, family, and home. With these savings you can have plents of extra comforts also — things you haven't dreamed before you could afford. See for yourself — visit your Grants Store!

GRANTS STORES

W. T. GRANT CO. — **Known for Values**

FOR MEN AND BOYS

Sturdy garments tailored full for comfort. Full sizes — in springy natural fabrics. Minimum shrinkage — longer, more comfortable wear.

(A) "WEARITE" MEN'S HEAVY RIBBED COTTON UNION SUITS—Springy, soft double carded cotton. (Extra-heavy weight . . . . . $1) — **79c**

(B) "WEARITE MEN'S BALBRIGGAN SHIRTS AND ANKLE LENGTH DRAWERS—Soft, cozy. Lighter weight for warmer climates or indoors. Each— **39c**

(C) "WEARITE" BOYS' HEAVY RIBBED UNION SUITS—Full size garments, all features found in higher priced suits. **59c**

GRANTS UNDERWEAR

Blue Ribbon Value — one of GRANTS BEST SELLERS

MILLIONS of pieces sold each year to satisfied customers. VALUES ON THIS PAGE are typical! All goods bought months ago to get you lower prices than found in most stores. FULL SIZES plainly marked — cut to Knit Underwear Association standards in natural, springy, unstretched knitted fabrics. NO SKIMPING ANYWHERE. EXTRA SIZES available in many garments at only a few pennies more. GRANTS NO-QUESTIONS-ASKED, MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON ALL GARMENTS. SHOP NOW!

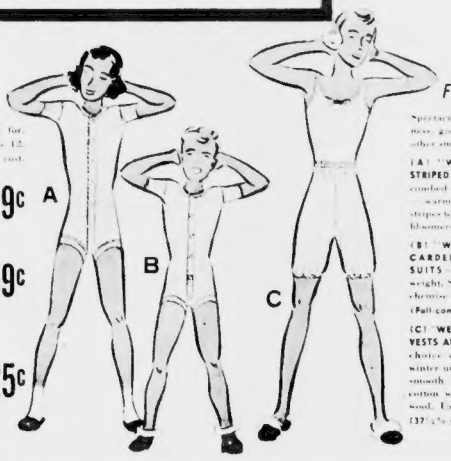
FOR CHILDREN

Warm, stylish garments with all the features careful mothers look for. Children's sizes run full cut 2 to 12, girls' full sizes to 16 at no extra cost.

(A) CHILDREN'S 12-15% WOOL WAIST SUITS—Rayon-striped, full combed cotton. Dutch neck, cap sleeves. 2 to 12. — **79c**

(B) "WEARITE" CHILDREN'S WAIST SUITS—Warm, sturdy knit of soft, long-strand yarns. Dutch necks, cap sleeves. Sizes 2 to 12. Double-carded yarn. (Full-combed yarn . . . . 50¢) — **39c**

(C) GIRLS' RAYON-STRIPED UNDIES—Warm, soft, double-carded yarn, full size, full weight, with slight nap. Sturdy for those higher priced elsewhere. Cream-tinted. Vests, bloomers, panties. Each— **25c**



FOR WOMEN

Spectacular values in warmth, daintiness, good looks and long wear. Many other smart, cozy models to choose from.

(A) "WEARITE" RAYON-STRIPED KNIT UNDIES—Full-combed cotton, fine and soft — warm and smooth. Rayon stripes to add smartness. Vests, bloomers and panties. Each — **39c**

(B) "WEARITE" DOUBLE-CARDED COTTON UNION SUITS—Warmth without weight. Smartly designed. Non-chemise type or tight legs. (Full combed cotton . . . 59¢) — **39c**

(C) "WEARITE" TUCK STITCH VESTS AND PANTIES—Popular choice of women in warm winter underwear. Smart and smooth fitting. Full-combed cotton with 12% silk and wool. Each (37½% silk and wool . . . 39¢) — **25c**

HEADQUARTERS FOR APPAREL AND FURNISHINGS FOR YOURSELF—FAMILY—HOME

CONNECTICUT

Danielson . . . . . 98 Main St.
New London . . . . . 133 State St.
Putnam . . . . . 76 Main St.
S. Manchester . . . . . 815 Main St.
Willimantic . . . . . 759 Main St.

MAINE

Bath . . . . . 31 Center St.
Bangor . . . . . 63 Main St.
Brunswick . . . . . 72 Maine St.
Calais . . . . . 159 Main St.
Fort Kent . . . . . 99 Main St.
Gardiner . . . . . 286 Water St.
Lewiston . . . . . 95 Lisbon St.
Old Town . . . . . 86 N. Main St.
Portland . . . . . 541 Congress St.
Sanford . . . . . 189 Maine St.
Skowhegan . . . . . 66 Water St.
Van Buren . . . . . 84 Main St.

MASSACHUSETTS

Adams . . . . . 23 Park St.
Allston . . . . . 149 Harvard Ave.
Arlington . . . . . 319 Broadway
Athol . . . . . 417 Main St.
Beverly . . . . . 226 Cabot St.
Boston . . . . . 395 Washington St.
Brockton . . . . . 141 Main St.
Cambridge . . . . . 621 Massachusetts Ave.
Chelsea . . . . . 300 Broadway
Chicopee . . . . . 11 Market Square
Clinton . . . . . 120 High St.
Danvers . . . . . 13 Elm St.
Dorchester . . . . . 1468 Dorchester Ave.
768 Dudley St.
583 Washington St.
East Boston . . . . . 31 Kelly Square
Easthampton . . . . . 41 Union St.
Everett . . . . . 419 Broadway
Fall River . . . . . 149 S. Main St.
Fitchburg . . . . . 493 Main St.
Framingham . . . . . 22 Irving Square
Franklin . . . . . 134 Main St.
Gardner . . . . . 13 Parker St.
Gloucester . . . . . 181 Main St.
Great Barrington . . . . . 290 Main St.
Haverhill . . . . . 52 Merrimack St.
Holyoke . . . . . 210 High St.
Hudson . . . . . 53 Main St.
Hyannis . . . . . 410 Main St.
Hyde Park . . . . . 1241 River St.
Jamaica Plain . . . . . 660 Center St.
Lawrence . . . . . 175 Essex St.
Leominster . . . . . 18 Main St.
Lynn . . . . . 70 Market St.
318 Union St.
Malden . . . . . 78 Pleasant St.
Marlboro . . . . . 188 Main St.
Mattapan . . . . . 1626 Blue Hill Ave.
Medford . . . . . 16 High St.
Melrose . . . . . 520 Main St.
Middleboro . . . . . 59 Center St.
Milford . . . . . 164 Main St.
Natick . . . . . 14 Main St.
Needham . . . . . 974 Great Plain Ave.
New Bedford . . . . . 1045 Acushnet Ave.
858 Purchase St.
Norfolk Downs . . . . . 37 Billings Road
North Adams . . . . . 84 Main St.
North Attleboro . . . . . 11 N. Washington St.
Norwood . . . . . 688 Washington St.
Palmer . . . . . 116 Main St.
Peabody . . . . . 13 Peabody Square
Pittsfield . . . . . 141 North St.
Plymouth . . . . . 4 Court St.
Reading . . . . . 622 Main St.
Rockland . . . . . 263 Union St.
Roslindale . . . . . 26 Corinth St.
Roxbury . . . . . 333 Blue Hill Ave.
Salem . . . . . 174 Essex St.
Somerville . . . . . 240 Elm St.
South Boston . . . . . 429 W. Broadway
Stoneham . . . . . 381 Main St.
Taunton . . . . . 21 Main St.
Wakefield . . . . . 473 Main St.
Waltham . . . . . 305 Moody St.
Ware . . . . . 85 Main St.
Watertown . . . . . 55 Main St.
Webster . . . . . 217 Main St.
Weymouth . . . . . 14 Commercial St.
Winchendon . . . . . 62 Central St.
Winthrop . . . . . 10 Somerset Ave.
Woburn . . . . . 405 Main St.
Worcester . . . . . 407 Main St.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Berlin . . . . . 151 Main St.
Concord . . . . . 84 N. Main St.
Derry . . . . . 28 E. Broadway
Dover . . . . . 455 Central Ave.
Franklin . . . . . 334 Central St.
Manchester . . . . . 1023 Elm St.
Nashua . . . . . 94 Main St.
Portsmouth . . . . . 69 Congress St.
Rochester . . . . . 31 N. Main St.

RHODE ISLAND

Newport . . . . . 139 Thames St.
Pawtucket . . . . . 250 Main St.
Providence . . . . . 317 Westminster St.
West Warwick . . . . . 59 Washington St.
Woonsocket . . . . . 28-30 North Main St.

VERMONT

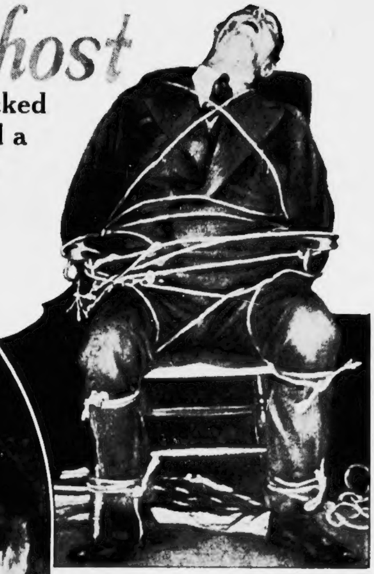
Bennington . . . . . 406 Main St.
Burlington . . . . . 56 Church St.
Newport . . . . . 58 Main St.
St. Johnsbury . . . . . 84 Railroad St.
Springfield . . . . . 23 Main St.

Fought With His Father's Ghost

When Charles Evens' Mother Intervened, Her Husband's Spirit Knocked Her Clear Into the Hospital; Then the Boy Snatched a Piece of His Father's Ectoplasm and the Medium Went to Jail to Grow Some More

Seance Photograph of White Moose, the Accommodating Spook, Used by the Medium as Contact Man With the Other World.

"God Bless You, Dad," Mrs. Evens Was Saying, But Her Words Ended in a Scream as a Sudden Beam of Light Shot Full Into the Ghost's Face While He Trampled the "Apports," Objects Supposed to Be Produced by Spirits. "It's You, Clive," the Boy Shouted. Then Young Mr. Evens Seized the Spook's Ectoplasm, Tripped Him, and the Seance Concluded in a Free-for-All Fight Which Sent Mrs. Evens to the Hospital and the Medium to Prison.



Clive Holmes, the Exposed Medium, Shown Tied Securely in His Chair But Not So Securely That He Couldn't Double for White Moose, the Indian Ghost.

LONDON, Oct. 9.

SEEING his father's ghost [illegible] approaching in the dark, young Charles Evens stuck out his foot and the ghost [illegible] over it.

Not content with this [illegible], the youth turned the light of an electric torch full in the ghost's face and snatched some of his "ectoplasm."

Since this is the most dreadful [illegible] of [illegible] possible at a spiritualist seance, the ghost may perhaps be pardoned for hitting its son on the head with a pair of heavy [illegible].

But was it right for the spirit of the late Lieutenant Commander Evens, of the British Navy, always a gentleman while in the flesh, to hit his grieving and [illegible] widow such a crack that she had to go to the hospital?

Earthly Police Magistrate L. R. Dunne, having no jurisdiction over inhabitants of the next world, decided that the answer was to sentence the well-known materializing medium Clive Holmes to four months in prison, in spite of Holmes' alibi that all the time he was handcuffed and roped to a chair inside the medium's cabinet and in a trance. The medium has appealed the case.

It was a curious mixture of ingenuous [illegible], grief and credulity, that Mrs. Violet [illegible] Evens, a woman of [illegible] and her son, a youth of 18, living at Bexley Heath, in London, told on the witness stand. Last December, when her husband died, the loss seemed more than the widow could bear. Someone told her that it would be a great comfort to speak with her departed husband's spirit, and she led to the so-called "psychic centre" at Bexley. Mrs. Evens' grief made her ready to grasp at straws, but her common sense prompted certain doubts until she and her son visited the centre, where the "atmosphere" made any suspicions seem unworthy.

Charles Evens and His Mother Photographed Leaving the Police Court Where They Testified Against the Medium.

They were shown into a chapel, with altar, pulpit, cross and religious pictures, all in proper religious tone befitting any church.

In this atmosphere of [illegible] received the medium and his wife, who were such nice, kindly, sympathetic people. Mr. Clive Holmes, a big, handsome man, had a manner somewhat [illegible] those of a [illegible].

After listening to their story and asking many questions about the departed naval officer, he was confident that the spirit of such a fine husband and father must be impatiently waiting on the other side for a chance to communicate with his family. To show that his heart was in the right place, and in consideration of the fact that there were two of them, he cut the usual seance fee from five shillings to four, the equivalent of a dollar.

Both went away quite impressed. When they returned for the first seance they discovered that this was not held amid the chapel's "scenery" but in an attic chamber furnished with about thirty chairs, placed in the shape of a horseshoe around a black rug. Beyond the open end of the horseshoe stood a wooden cabinet, about six feet tall and four feet wide, its open front covered with black drapery.

When the sitters, mostly women, took their seats in the "circle," as it was called, enough chairs were removed so each could hold hands with those on either side. A couple of extra psychic and reliable sitters were placed on the two ends, with one hand free. Mr. Holmes arrived and submitted to having himself handcuffed and elaborately tied with ropes to the chair in the cabinet by his wife.

Then Mrs. Holmes, for the benefit of the newcomers, explained that on no account must anyone let go of either neighbor's hand, because this would break the "psychic current" and upset everything. Also they must be careful to keep their feet tucked under their chairs.

Charles, who is an engineer's apprentice and of somewhat scientific turn of mind, wanted to know the reason of this second precaution and learned that if a sitter should carelessly stick out a foot it might touch a spirit, giving the spiritual visitor a severe shock, which he later learned was only too true. The kindly Mrs. Holmes had previously asked the widow and her son not to ask any questions at the first seance but quietly content themselves with just observing things. No doubt the naval officer's spirit would feel as strange as they did at first, though it would be hovering around.

After Mrs. Holmes finished shackling her husband, she replaced the chamber's single electric light with a small red one so feeble that at first they could hardly see anything, and then she made another announcement. Everyone was to keep quiet while the phonograph played hymns until they heard a voice from the trumpet and felt the presence of a spirit.

Then they were to say "hush" and the phonograph would stop. For some time all sat staring at two luminous slates lying on the rug and which seemed to grow brighter as their eyes became accustomed to the almost darkness. At last a queer metallic voice uttered some words that neither of them could understand and one of the old women cried:

"Hush!"

The talking machine ceased and, sure enough, a large-sized figure in white could be glimpsed moving around. He had a tall, white head-dress and was recognized as White Moose. The spirit-raising business would have a hard time without the services of North American "heap big Indian chiefs" who do all the best work at most seances. This one, when it talked through the trumpet, seemed to have a Scandinavian accent.

[illegible] the sitters [illegible] the spirit, asking if it were "Papa" or [illegible] [illegible] and answers were given by taps on the luminous slates. One tap meant "Yes" and two meant "No." The novelty wore [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] why so many white ghosts should be this same Indian one.

Well, it was this way. To save time and psychic energy, the other spirits used the already materialized body of the obliging White Moose, though sometimes a spirit [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of materializing. In that case it did not wear the high feathered head-dress of the accommodating Indian.

Photograph of a Scientific Expose Made Recently in England Where the Illusion of Ectoplasm Was Achieved by the Use of Long Filmy Strands of Cheese-Cloth Resembling That Used by Medium Holmes.

Besides messages from the hereafter, the spirits brought with them presents, "apports." Those consisted of [illegible], [illegible] flowers or [illegible] [illegible] of wheat. [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] would not be caught dead with it.

Yet, curiously enough, they [illegible] people are [illegible] to [illegible] to [illegible]. However, since this [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], perhaps it is to relieve their living [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible].

When the seance was over, the bright light was switched and Clive was found still tied and manacled in his chair within the cabinet. These apports impressed Mrs. Evens and Charles. When a conjurer in a bright light pulls a rabbit out of his hat, everyone knows it is a trick. But when it is done in the dark, making the performance so easy that most anyone could do it, somehow the impression is given that it is supernatural.

After a few of these sessions, Charles and his mother were informed that the Lieutenant Commander was ready to make an appearance. They asked a few simple questions of White Moose with yes or no answers tapped out on the slate. The widow was much comforted, but Charles was not quite satisfied. He wanted to have his father appear in his own materialization, not as an Indian. The kindly Mr. and Mrs. Holmes thought this could be fixed up for the next seance and it was, with disastrous results.

Alas! Charles, without telling his mother, was entertaining what might well be termed grave doubts, and what was worse, the spirits who know everything forgot to tell Mr. Holmes to beware of a doubting Thomas.

The boy had begun to suspect that this holding of hands and keeping of feet under chairs was nothing but a trick to make sure that nobody, by touching the alleged ghosts, would discover that they were nothing but warm, flesh-and-blood, human frauds, despite the [illegible] [illegible] disguises. He wasn't [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] was really [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] that the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] as long as they [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

At the next sitting, after the usual [illegible], a [illegible], big, white ghost, the [illegible] [illegible] of White Moose, who in the [illegible] was no Clive Holmes, appeared [illegible] the head-dress and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Charles thought [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] father [illegible]. Mrs. Evens [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] asked:

"Is that you, Daddy?"

The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] toward the [illegible]. But Charles stuck out a foot and the ghost [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

The [illegible] was a [illegible] [illegible] at [illegible] hand he pulled out a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

"God bless you, Dad," Mrs. Evens was saying, but the words ended in a scream as a [illegible] beam of light shot full in the ghost's face, revealing that it was not "Dad" at all and her son's [illegible] [illegible].

"It's you, Clive!"

The following questions and answers are Mrs. Evens' testimony on what followed:

Q.—Did "Clive" say anything?

A.—No, he absolutely [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. I was [illegible] because I thought [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. The [illegible] are very [illegible].

Q.—When the light was flashed on "Clive," could you tell what he was wearing?

A.—Yes, it is what I [illegible] describe as butter muslin.

(A piece of this material was marked as an exhibit at this point.)

Q.—What happened?

A.—I tried to [illegible] Clive [illegible] my boy and the boy [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible]. It seemed that when Clive found the boy [illegible] was protecting [illegible] he [illegible] [illegible]. I received a blow on the head which knocked me to the floor. I was frightfully dazed and felt awful. The blow was meant to hurt. I was taken to the hospital and treated for shock. It was a very hideous shock discovering that the spirit was not my husband but Clive.

Charles testified that he had pursued the ghost to the cabinet, saw the chair was empty and that Mrs. Holmes was helping the spirit get rid of its ghostly wrappings. He aided in the proceeding enough to snatch a sample of the supposed "ectoplasm," which he offered in court and proved to be butter muslin.

The accused medium produced witnesses who testified that he had materialized all sorts of bona fide spirits which had been identified positively, and one ghostess had permitted a lady sitter to feel of her legs. The magistrate wanted to know if this had not shocked the ghostess but was told that it didn't because the spirit lady was expecting it.

Mr. Holmes emphasized that when the bright light went on he was found in his cabinet, tied and handcuffed. He asserted that he had been in a trance all the time and knew nothing of what went on—a perfect alibi, he thought.

The judge thought otherwise and gave him four months.

© 1937, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING ON WHEELS

Again OUTVALUES THEM ALL!

PRESENTING

TWO NEW PONTIACS *FOR* '38

THE LATEST AND GREATEST FEATURES OF AMERICA'S FINEST LOW-PRICED CAR

NEW SAFETY SHIFT GEAR CONTROL (optional at slight extra cost) • NEW SILVER STREAK STYLING • NEW CLUTCH PEDAL BOOSTER • NEW SAFETY-STYLED INTERIORS • NEW BATTERY LOCATION • PERFECTED KNEE-ACTION RIDE IMPROVED CENTER-POINT STEERING • ADJUSTABLE, TILTING 3-PASSENGER FRONT SEAT • EXTRA-LARGE LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT • BIG-CAR WHEELBASE (117" on Six, 122" on Eight) • TRIPLE-SEALED HYDRAULIC BRAKES • UNISTEEL BODIES BY FISHER • FISHER NO-DRAFT VENTILATION • COMPLETELY SEALED CHASSIS • SAFETY MULTI-BEAM HEADLIGHTS • PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS.

BETTER LOOKING • BETTER BUILT • A BETTER BUY

SEE AND DRIVE THE MOST SENSATIONAL LOW-PRICED CARS AMERICA HAS EVER KNOWN

They're here, America — two new Silver Streaks — a Six without an equal for combined beauty, comfort, and economy — an Eight that tops them all for roominess, smoothness and thrift.

From the gleaming Silver Streaked front end to the gracefully slanted rear deck — from the improved Knee Action to the Turret Top roof of the Unisteel Bodies by Fisher, there's nothing else like them for value. For a price near the lowest you can now get everything you want!

One new feature alone is enough to make them more worth seeing, and more worth buying, than any other new low priced cars—the new Safety Shift Gear Control, the greatest aid to driving ever introduced into the low price field! And the new Pontiacs are packed with other equally sensational advancements including styling that won't be matched by any car at any price!

Better looking, better built, better buys—big, handsome, thrifty — that's a quick picture of the 1938 Silver Streaks, so exciting a different from all other low priced cars that you are bound to say—"for 1938 *the most beautiful thing on wheels again outvalues them all.*" See these superb new cars today!

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION
General Motors Sales Corporation
PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

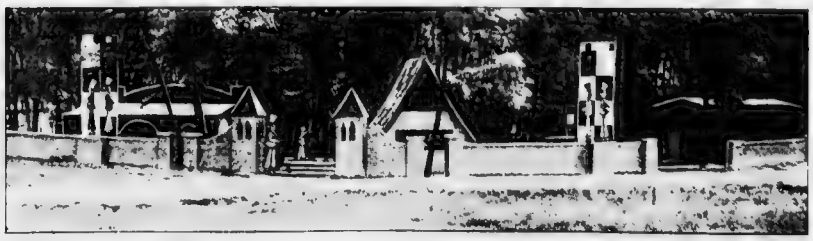
TWO GREAT RADIO PROGRAMS — *Nelly Tough, a Woman's Place, every Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 2 p.m. E.S.T., Columbia Network. Varsity Show, broadcast from the leading college campuses every Friday night, N.B.C. Blue Network, at 9:00 p.m. E.S.T., 8:00 p.m. C.S.T.—7:00 p.m. M.S.T.—8:00 p.m. P.S.T.* TUNE IN!

NOW ON DISPLAY AT ALL PONTIAC DEALERS

Trouble in Santa Claus Land

Dispute Over Just the Right Model of an Official Kris Kringle and Lawsuits Over Leases in Indiana's Famous Toy Town Are Turning the Project Into a Grown-Up Squabble Instead of the Children's Dream City That It Started Out to Be

A



Entrance of Story Book Grove of Toyland, With Its Sentry Boxes and Quaint Little Houses Behind the Medieval Wall.

Behind the Scenes at Monte C

Famous Cartoon by "Sem," the French Cartoonist Showing Notable Figures of Parisian Life Grouped Around a Roulette Wheel in the Casino. Among Those Seated Are Maurice Ephrussi, Mlle. Polaire, Prince Poniatowsky and (Behind Them) Santos Dumont, Madame Rejane, Countess Pethion, Henri Rochefort and Otero.

"How many suits I have known who, all in the old days of the Casino, at times of Paris's unstable luck of gambling, responsible only to the future, having only today, when yesterday and tomorrow [illegible] I must not forget the [illegible] called out a number, promising [illegible]

CHAPTER IV

By BARON CHARLES de RICHTER.

Continued from Last Sunday.

T

The Mysterious "Woman in White," From Sketch by A. Galland.

[illegible] Monte Carlo [illegible]

[illegible] a Gaiety [illegible] of the [illegible] young [illegible] for some [illegible] horseback [illegible]

Years later, when he inherited his millions, he never forgot the wild days of his youth. And he finally arrived in Monte Carlo bent on having a good time. One of his great joys was to ride into the fashionable and exclusive Knickerbocker Night Club on horseback to the consternation of the waiters and attending flunkeys. As a matter of fact, he usually arrived at all the night clubs very much the worse for liquor and would insist on giving a clown act in his evening clothes. He was very funny and he certainly knew well what to do so nobody objected.

One evening, he went to Roquebrune, which is a little place right next to Monte Carlo, and there he had a great idea. He met a shepherd who was just returning from pasture with a flock of sheep. Mr. von Palland bought the flock, consisting of thirty sheep, and together with the shepherd, they drove them to Monte Carlo in the gathering dusk. That in itself was no easy job. But the two finally arrived and taking three sheep, Mr. von Palland with the shepherd's help drove them to the Knickerbocker Night Club.

The consternation of the waiters can be imagined when the three dirty and woolly animals were brought in by one of the best customers. No one protested.

The remainder of the flock was then driven to the Hotel de Paris. As luck would have it, Sambo, the colored doorman, was not on guard at the time, [illegible] stop the [illegible]

[illegible]

This pastoral exploit brings at once to mind [illegible] a more practical nature [illegible] on the Monte Carlo [illegible] perpetrated by Wally Rogers, a very well known French newspaper man. He appeared for several days at the Casino to the entertainment of some of us, and then suddenly disappeared.

One day upon arriving at the Casino while standing on the entrance steps, he noticed what seemed like a deserted field on the hill on which Roquebrune is built. To anybody not familiar with this congested little country, such a statement comes as a surprise. But Monaco lies on hills. The houses climb up their sides painfully and the tiny gardens are intensively cultivated. There is no spot of earth neglected, on which orange trees, grapes, lemon bushes do not grow, carefully tended by an industrious and poor peasantry. Anyway, Rogers found the peasant who owned that field the same afternoon and rented it from him for thirty years at 300 francs ($20) per year. It was his intention to put up a billboard there.

The deal went through quickly. Rogers had the billboard built, stretched on it a white screen and started to project moving pictures from the window of a neighboring house. His idea was to eventually sell this as advertising space, but in the meantime, he was simply projecting the latest news of the day, with the question in the back of his [illegible]

[illegible] Casino [illegible] the [illegible] Casino [illegible] at any price and won't have [illegible] francs.

The interesting [illegible] Casino complex gave rise one day to an incident which I witnessed at the entrance into the gambling rooms. An Englishman arrived with a rather voluminous package under his arm. He was immediately stopped by an inspector who reminded him that packages were not permitted in the Casino. I imagine this is prompted by fear of bombs, although women naturally move about freely with their handbags.

"But it isn't a package," said the man.

"But what is it then?"

"It's money. I've a new suit on and I don't want to ruin the pockets by crammung all these notes into them."

The argument started and the man was finally taken to Emile Fontana, the Special Commissioner.

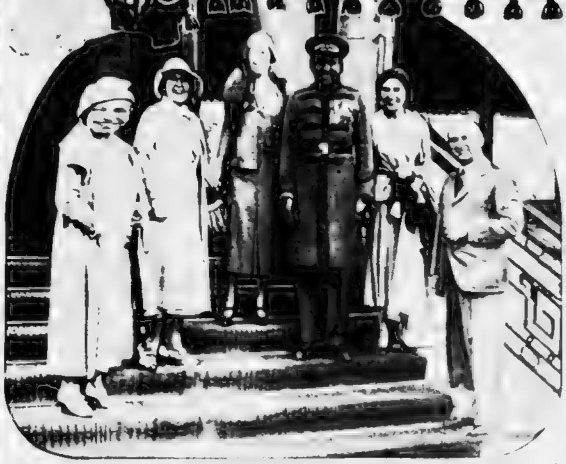
"Out of the question," said Fontana. "Your

...*stood up and*

...*franc note*...

Secrets of the Famous Gambling Den, Tricks of Thieving Croupiers, Daring Schemes to "Break the Bank," Revenge of Ruined Players, Scandals and Suicides Revealed by Baron de Richter, Former Member of the Casino Staff

Lily Langtry, Known as the "Jersey Lily," and Who Afterwards Became Lady de Bathe, Was a Well Known Figure at Monte Carlo and on One Occasion Startled King Edward VII by Playfully Dropping a Bit of Ice Down His Back



Sambo, the Famous Doorman at the Hotel de Paris, Monte Carlo ... on the Steps Are Ganna Walska ...

...orphaned of its...

...inexperienced gambler...

...wrongly that he has...

M Lamouzin divides those who ... "laggards and orphans" in two classes ... and the "shouters."

"The former," he wrote, "are ... who are very expert at the game of ... the poor little orphan chip with ... smile and with the general air of repentant Magdalenes.

"The shouters, on the contrary, reach for your chip with an insolent air, watch to see if you intend to protest and, before you can cry out, start such ... themselves that, unless you are inured to the trick, you will begin to doubt your own conviction."

The "orphan makers," M Lamouzin explains, have a curious trick for claiming the stray chip. These are the hangers-on in the Casino gaming rooms who have so often played the game of "lifting the laggard" that they are known by sight to every croupier in the establishment and no longer dare to approach a table.

The "orphan maker" notes a lack of laggard chips and proceeds to remedy the situation to her profit. She picks out from among her neighbors a gentleman with a dull, respectable air and whispers to him:

"A thousand pardons, monsieur, but do you see those ten unclaimed louis on the red? Well, they belong to me. But my old mother-in-law is over

...

...beg boldly of new...

Among these unbelievable old women, a few stand out. The rest are so old that their real names have been long forgotten and they are known by nicknames which have clung to them through the years. They are "women of mystery."

I only have to close my eyes to bring back before me some of the most famous of these women.

There was the "Woman in White." Who was she? What was her name? No one knew and even the Casino authorities kept her secret. But with perseverance I finally obtained the story of her life.

To see her was never to forget. She was 80 years old, thin and emaciated, so ... that one wondered if there was any life left in her. The curious thing about her was her dress, a white lace creation, which was fashionable in 1880 and now stood out by the incongruity of its frills and fussy bows.

...

...King of Italy.

It was the old, old story. Intoxicated by her ... that it would never die out ... throw fortunes in gold on the green tables ... only had to say one simple word and an obedient diplomat arrived from Rome bringing with him as much money as she had asked for. The Royal Italian treasury was not hard up in those days.

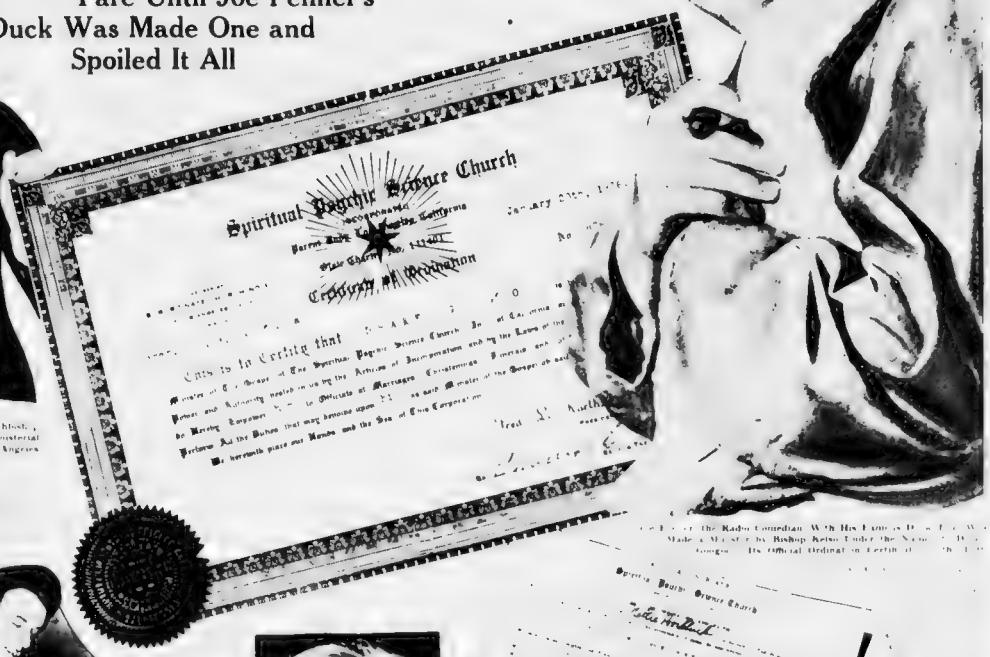
But the World War came, and with it many sentimental ties were broken. Bianca lost her Royal lover. But she continued to live the same extravagant life. Other men entered her life, men only too proud and too happy to take on such a succes-

Continued on Page 20.

Embarrassing Plight of "Bishop" Kelso's Mail Order "Ministers"

Ordained Through Post Offices at $10 Each, With Promotions Slightly Higher, Scores of Pastors Collected Legally for Weddings and Funerals and Traveled Half-Fare Until Joe Penner's Duck Was Made One and Spoiled It All

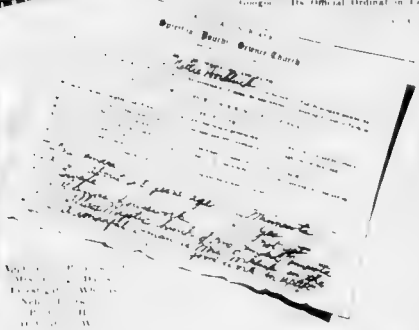
The Reverend [illegible] of the Spiritual Psychic Science Church, Whose Ministerial Status Was Scrutinized by the Grand Jury in Los Angeles



[illegible] the Radio Comedian, With His Name as Dr. [illegible] Made a Minister by Bishop Kelso Under the Name of [illegible] Georgea. His Official Ordinal on Certificate [illegible]

[illegible] Who [illegible] Rudolph Lanes

[illegible] Has Been Investigating Who Is [illegible] the Los Angeles Ministerial Mail Order Racket Which [illegible] the Rocket



T[illegible]

[illegible] a magazine editor [illegible] the whole [illegible] of [illegible] per $10 he was [illegible] a minister. [illegible] the [illegible] organization was formed by [illegible]

Of all the pastors that [illegible] to this [illegible] this [illegible] Rev. [illegible] made a living. The [illegible] organization was formed by [illegible]

H. Bedford Jones a writer, heard [illegible] that Dr. Silver [illegible]

A magazine editor [illegible] the whole [illegible] of [illegible] per $10 he was [illegible] a minister. [illegible] the [illegible] organization was formed by [illegible]

In 1924 Charles [illegible] Keith an astrologer and Hindu [illegible] whose special [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] consistent [illegible] the [illegible] that their respective [illegible] [illegible] and established the founding of a new church and accordingly they received a charter.

Little was heard of the religious [illegible]

One of these was [illegible] of Mrs. George Davis previously mentioned who told a touching story in order to get her ordination in exchange for a [illegible]. She stated that her husband was a minister in Minnesota and that she realized that she would gain favor if she ever went [illegible] and that she would be a big help to him if she could be ordained as a minister.

She gave her church affiliation as [illegible]

[illegible] was told that two seals would be required on the certificate to comply with an old Persian custom, so two seals instead of the usual one were placed on Drake Georgea ordination [illegible]

But [illegible] The [illegible] Church [illegible] of [illegible] Beach [illegible] of [illegible] Church [illegible] offer with the [illegible] the church for [illegible]

The court [illegible] the view of the Ministerial Association that granting and ordaining certificates to Jon Drake and Harry at $10 each was a travesty on all serious religious organizations.

Judge Goulet revoked the [illegible] charter with these words

It appears that this organization was a one man proposition run for profit and profanation of the word religion and all we hold sacred.

EXCLUSIVE STORY— ON THE 1938 NASH CARS

Boake Carter says "IT'S A KNOCKOUT!"

See for yourself if it isn't the most exciting automobile story you ever heard!

"IT SURE THRILLED ME!"

This is the famed News Commentator talking. Says he:

"In the first place the Lafayette ... ments Nash has made are exciting ... they're big and important ... and ... thrilled to motoring. You must ... or even two big features ... before Nash comes through with SIX that are ... boys! As a news man ... has come out to the ... few who scores a clean sweep ... and that, in my opinion, records what Nash has done for 1938. Cheerio!

Boake Carter

CONDITIONED AIR FOR WINTER DRIVING

AUTOMATIC GEAR-SHIFT THAT WORKS

GO SEE THE DIFFERENCE

LIKE WINGS!

AUTOMATIC CRUISING GEAR. Available even on lowest-priced Nash ... saves engine wear ... cuts gas consumption 20 to 25%. Like wings at ... cruising speeds. A thrill ...

TALK ABOUT MORE-FOR-YOUR-MONEY!

Get these main facts and don't forget them!

... revolutionary ... in the new ... and ... and ... but ... plus ... and ... for Nash ... than ever Prices

For the biggest ... there's more than that to the NASH SUPER-SURETY which gave Nash such great gains in the automobile industry in 1937 ... gains TEN TIMES greater than the average percentage increase for all other cars!

Look for Real Engineering!

These great cars have *always* had the most superb engineering and finest precision workmanship possible to find. And you're looking at the proof that they've got it *today!*

For just one example, the wonderful Nash SPRING-ACTION RIDE ... the Nash ... that gives you ... level ... by ... speed ... comfort like the works of a watch, giant sky-hook shock absorbers mounted like SPRINGS, to take the curves and lick bumps of every kind!

That's also why you get sensational new SOUND PROOFING ... cars that are 25% quieter! Amazing toomanuss ... *matched only by cars that cost hundreds of dollars more*

It's the same story on SAFETY ... on LUXURY in the little things as well as the big ... and BEAUTY that gives you a thrill of pride every time you drive your Nash. You'll ... Nash cars ...

Prices You'll Cheer About

... when you compare ... Nash ... get ... ever to match!

You can enjoy ... every day ... and pleasure ... the money-saving ... that saves most in the ... Nash ... always wanted. Let us ... help you get the facts ... the type of man you like to deal with. NASH MOTORS DIVISION, *Nash Kelvinator Corp.*, Kenosha, Wis.

SATURDAY NIGHTS—hear *"Prof. Quiz"*—Columbia Broadcasting System ... see local papers for hour

Get out of the "ALL THREE" CLASS!

Look how much more room ... weight ... durability ... riding comfort ... performance ... and everything else you want ... range in the 1938 Nash! It stands ... than in Small Cars!

Then compare actual delivered prices ... now leading ...

You Can't Beat a NASH — The Great Independent

NASH LAFAYETTE—117-inch wheelbase ... NASH AMBASSADOR 6—121-inch wheelbase
NASH AMBASSADOR 8—125-inch wheelbase

Mystery of Little Ilga Who Reads Minds

Continuation of the Strange Case of the Peasant Child to Whom Other People's Thoughts Seem to Be an Open Book

Ilga Playing With the Telephone While Her Mother Mentally Reads Telephone Numbers from a Book at the Far End of the Room and Ilga Repeats Them Correctly Although Not a Word Is Spoken

Princess Ilga's Weird Vision of the Death of Her Close Friend, Lord Thomson, in the Crash of the Great British Dirigible R.101, Furnished a Striking Example of Telepathic Mind-Reading. But Even This Statement of the Tragedy Is Distorted According to Scientists By the Limitations of Our Normal Extra-Sensory Perception

The Mystic Sees, Hears and Interprets the Mind of Another In Here Clearly Illustrated by 13-Year Old Pat Marquis. Though Effectively Blindfolded He Is Duplicating With His Fingers All the Motions Made by the Fingers of His Sponsor. An Extra-Sensory Faculty Seems to Enable Him to Read the Mind of the Other and Though Unable to See Him, to Do With His Hands Just What the Man Is Doing

It Is Also Suggested by Scientists That the Priestesses of the Ancient Oracles Notably That at Delphi Greece Shown Above Possessed the Faculty of Telepathic Perception Which Enabled Them to Read the Minds of Those Who Came to Them Enabling Them to Give Answers Often Puzzling in Their Vagueness

How Science Here Explains the Enigma of Little Ilga

(c) 193- by American Weekly Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

AND THAT'S NEWWELL DRINK TASTES MIGHTY RICH AND MELLOW!
YOU BET! CREDIT HAS THE ANSWER – IT TAKES A PERFECTLY BLENDED WHISKEY TO MAKE A PERFECTLY BLENDED DRINK.

CLEAR HEADS

[CLEAR HEADED BUYERS]

CALL FOR Calvert WHISKIES

Members of the distinguished Calvert Family are Calvert's "Reserve," Calvert's "Special," and Old Drum Grand Whiskies, and Calvert's Distilled London Dry Gin.

Copyright 1941 CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., DISTILLERIES RELAY, MD., AND LOUISVILLE, KY., EXECUTIVE OFFICES CHRYSLER BLDG., N. Y. C. CALVERT'S "RESERVE" BLENDED WHISKEY — 90 PROOF—straight whiskey in this product is 5 years old 32% 5 year old straight whiskey, 68% grain neutral spirits. CALVERT'S "SPECIAL" BLENDED WHISKEY — 90 PROOF — straight whiskies in this product are 7 years or more old; 25% straight whiskey; 75% grain neutral spirits. 10% 2 year old straight whiskey, 15% 5 year old straight whiskey. CALVERT'S OLD DRUM BRAND BLENDED WHISKEY — 90 PROOF—straight whiskies in this product are 5 year and 6 months or more old. 25% straight whiskey; 75% grain neutral spirits. CALVERT'S DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN—90 PROOF—distilled from 100% American grain neutral spirits

Thirteen On Board

by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

CAPTAIN MICHAEL QUINN [illegible]

CHAPTER XXIII

G [illegible]

As the Wanderlust Swung Past Us, Uncle Caleb Sang Out Excitedly, "I've Got It!" It Was the Coast Guard Cutter.

wouldn't cast a 'guilty' ballot without a lot more than that."

Garrison said: "Wouldn't you if you caught him risking his life to make a getaway? The coast patrol picked him up in a small boat heading for San Nicolas."

That brought us up standing. San Nicolas is a bleak, deserted island a good sixty miles to seaward from Santa Catalina. Nobody goes there except a few sheep herders and an occasional fisherman. It is the last place on earth a man would go for any [illegible] purpose and the first he would pick to hide out.

[illegible] by his tone that [illegible] the damp heap [illegible] the better.

One of the officers I had seen on the [illegible] at that moment. Garrison exchanged a few words with him at the door, then came back to us.

"They're bringing Kusak now," he said. "You may stay here while I cross-examine him. But leave everything to me. I've got it all worked out according to a system and I don't want it to be [illegible]."

[illegible]

Continued on Page 19

[illegible] Quinn at the time he signed, we still have a swell case. Last night Kusak goes out, meets an old [illegible] about [illegible]. He gets mad drunk on fig brandy and goes back to the boat. We've found the boatman who helped him into the skiff. He says he was so drunk he could hardly stand up."

"What time was that?" Jimmy asked.

"Shortly before seven, so it times all right. Just as he reaches the boat Quinn goes into the main salon. The sight of Quinn standing in front of that porthole is too much for him. He grabs up the marlinspike and lets him have it."

"Better," Jimmy said. "But still not too convincing. I

[illegible] All Rights Reserved

Are the Three E's Saving Lives in your Town?

WHEN individuals and authorities put the three "E's" of safety to work the results are amazing . . .

Milwaukee is an example. Education, Engineering and Enforcement made it America's safest big city for three consecutive years—1933-1935. And last year Milwaukee's motor vehicle death rate was 60% *below* that of the nation as a whole.

This admirable record was not accomplished by spasmodic safety drives or circus stunts, but by *everlastingly* selling safety to Milwaukee's citizens . . . by making the three "E's" an all-day, everyday, year-round activity. EDUCATION in schoolrooms, over the air, through outdoor posters, in the press . . . Modern and effective ENGINEERING . . . ENFORCEMENT through a competent Police Department which impartially imposes obedience to traffic laws.

Persistent pounding at the three "E's" of traffic safety has enabled many other cities and towns to save precious lives. What of your community? Are you chasing accidents off your streets and highways? Is your local traffic record improving?

Nobody knows where sudden death will strike next, so traffic safety concerns everyone. The Metropolitan booklet "How to Promote Community Safety" tells you how to put your shoulder to the wheel. The coupon will bring you a copy.

[illegible coupon] One Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Name

Address

City

State

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL SAFETY MOVEMENT

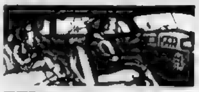
Lakewood, Ohio, cut Traffic Deaths 50% during 1936

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Frederick H. Ecker, Chairman of the Board . . . Leroy A. Lincoln, President

TWO'S A COUPLE . . .

Three's not a crowd . . . When the third is an ARVIN Car Heating System!



Defrosts THE WINDSHIELD

Circulates MORE HEAT

Warms THE FEET

● More than a conventional type car heater, the new Arvin is a complete heating system [illegible]

Model shown $ [illegible] [illegible] $9.95

ARVIN CAR HEATING SYSTEM WITH THE CYCLONIC-POWER DEFROSTER

THIS, as other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, is read by one out of every five families in the United States.

Before You Go to Bed—ALKALIZE

After Drinking or Eating too Much

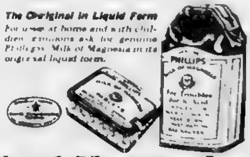
Alkalize Excess Stomach Acids Almost Instantly the Phillips' Way

The fastest way to "alkalize" is to carry your alkalizer with you. That's what thousands do now that genuine Phillips' comes in tiny, peppermint flavored tablets in a flat tin for pocket or purse. Then you are always ready.

Use it this way. Take 2 Phillips' tablets—equal in "alkalizing" effect to 2 teaspoonfuls of liquid Phillips' from the bottle. At once you feel "gas," nausea, "over crowding" from hyper-acidity begin to ease. "Acid headaches," "acid breath," over-acid stomach are corrected at the source. This is the quick way to ease your own distress . . . avoid offense to others.

The Original in Liquid Form

For use at home and with children, thousands ask for genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in its original liquid form.



PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

Thirteen On Board

(Continued from Page 180)

Tommy Ivo, of Pomona, Calif., at the wheel of the Ivo Dirk, and Leonard Hoffman, of the Cardinal Manufacturing Co., Inc., of Fort Wayne, Ind., at the controls of the Cardinal Wasp, a Formula Junior car, are shown at the starting line of the Riverside International Raceway, Riverside, Calif., during the Pacific Coast Championship Races. Ivo's car is powered by a Chevrolet engine and Hoffman's by a Ford engine.

Continued on Page 21

CHAPTER XXIV

S

NOW THAT WE KNOW ITS CAUSE WE CAN AT LAST TREAT DANDRUFF SUCCESSFULLY

Laboratories and clinics have proved Listerine kills the germ Pityrosporum ovale and achieves amazing results against dandruff. In New Jersey clinic 76% of the patients got quick relief

PITYROSPORUM OVALE, WHICH CAUSES DANDRUFF, AS IT LOOKS UNDER THE MICROSCOPE, MAGNIFIED MANY TIMES.
THE DUCTS OR FOLLICLES (LEAD TO THE HAIR) THROUGH WHICH THE HAIR LEAVES THE SCALP, WHEN FOLLICLES BECOME INFECTED WITH PITYROSPORUM OVALE, DANDRUFF ITCHING, SCALP AND FALLING HAIR OFTEN RESULT.

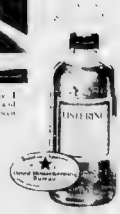
Curing Rabbits of Dandruff

Look intently at the camera and you will see what we mean by Pityrosporum ovale. This is the germ that causes dandruff.

Rabbits were first used in dandruff tests by Dr. [illegible] and his associates at the Jersey City Medical Center. Soon after they began receiving Listerine, scaling stopped. Microscopic examinations revealed that the germs had disappeared.

Many men have found that Listerine Antiseptic relieves dandruff symptoms. Use it every day, massage it into the scalp.

Now that we've proved Listerine kills the germ that causes dandruff, and relieves dandruff symptoms, millions of men have used it to help keep dandruff under control.



LISTERINE FOR DANDRUFF

A hard starting car is an aggravation, particularly in cold weather. It invariably indicates that gas mileage, power, speed and acceleration have declined badly. Change to new Champion Spark Plugs now and note the new speed with which your engine starts, the renewed ability to accelerate and the measurable increase in gasoline mileage. We sincerely believe you cannot afford to accept spark plugs less dependable than Champions.

CHAMPION
THE SPARK PLUG CHAMPIONS USE!

Behind the Scenes at Monte Carlo *By Baron Charles de Richter*

(Continued from Double Page)

(Continued from Page 1)

CHAPTER XXV.

Quinn and Vin Dak

(Continued on Page 30)

(Continued Next Sunday)

BEGINNING NEXT SUNDAY

FRIEND TO THE KING

By Robert Neal Leath

An Amusing Short Novel About a Strip Tease Artist With Very Moral Ideas and What She Did for a King

Thirteen On Board

by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

(Continued from Page 20)

rison had set to guard the cove.

Uncle Caleb explained he was the Chief of the Island police but it didn't help. The deputy shook his head and repeated that Garrison had left orders no one was to go near the cove without a pass. "And it's got to be signed," he finished.

Jimmy said, "Here's one signed by Henry Morgenthau, Jr."

The deputy snapped, "Don't know him."

He's Secretary of the Treasury," Jimmy told him and passed over a bill.

The deputy took it absentmindedly and said that our being friends with the Secretary of the Treasury made a difference of course, and he didn't hardly see how he could stop us.

By then we were already down the path on our way to the beach.

Mack-tel Mike had come back from Avalon and was there with an extra lantern. He told it so that Myra could pick her way without turning an ankle on the loose stones. Uncle Caleb and I stumbled along as best we could.

We found the place where the body of Yin Dak had been lying. I sat down on a wet boulder and turned the two bottles while Jimmy and Uncle Caleb went over the ground inch by inch.

In the end Jimmy groaned. Garrison's right about it. The high tide lines a foot above where the body was lying and there was somebody to help it. I remember nothing when I looked down.

"But aren't there two high tides every twenty-four hours," I asked.

Uncle Caleb said, "Two of course. But the second high tide the one around five this morning didn't rise as high as the other. You can see the line—and one several feet lower. And tonight's flood is lower still. That's due to a difference in the wind and because the surf isn't coming in from the sea way it did last night."

Jimmy said, "Give me that bottle." He came and sat down beside me on the rock. The other two joined us. Each pulled the cork with his knife and then produced a folding cup. We took a drink of the fig brandy all of us. Even Myra. Kennedy. Jimmy took a second. Then he said:

"That tide line says Yin Dak was dead before Quinn was killed. Common sense says he could have sailed Quinn. There's a lie in it somewhere, unless—" He sat sobering. Then he drank from one hand and the bottle in the other, that Uncle Caleb prompted.

"Unless what?"

Jimmy said, "I'm crazy. It couldn't be. But I must. Either that or the other way round. Here, take this." He swallowed the brandy, handed the bottle and cup back to Uncle Caleb and slid off the rock. He took Mack-tel Mike and the lantern and started down the cove. We sat in the damp darkness, watching the light. At the base of a hill, took it stopped, swung around in circles, then moved up and down. Jimmy and Mack-tel Mike disappeared behind the rock.

I began to shiver. The light hadn't been warm, but it had been something to hold on the horrors. I remembered that a man had fallen to his death right there at our feet. Myra seemed to remember the same thing, for I could hear her teeth chattering.

Uncle Caleb was neither shivering nor chattering. He had gone to sleep again, propped against the rock.

After a long interval Jimmy came back with Mack-tel Mike. It was too dark to see his face, but I could tell by the voice that he was excited.

He said, "Give me a drink. Give me a couple of drinks."

Uncle Caleb woke up and asked sharply:

"Who was that?" Then, "Oh, it's you. Find anything?"

Jimmy said, "Only the answer. At least I think so. I'll know better when I take a look at that boat."

CHAPTER XXVI

Evidence

THE Magdana was deserted, except for one deputy, who was hanging gloomily over the rail, watching the long, slow swells that were lifting and dropping the prow of the boat in regular rhythm.

He let us come aboard without any argument. I gathered that he craved company. It was a hell of a job he had to do, staying out there alone, and the way the boat pitched around fair turned his stomach.

Myra Kennedy was no longer with us. After a good deal of argument Jimmy had persuaded her to go back and stay with Grandma Booker. But Uncle Caleb was still there, nursing the second bottle. At sight of it the deputy coughed, and remarked that he seemed to be coming down with a cold.

Jimmy suggested that we all adjourn to the galley and find some glasses. While Uncle Caleb fussed with the corkscrew, he borrowed the deputy's flashlight and disappeared out on deck.

The bottle held about four good rounds. At the second the deputy, whose name was Hogan, began to talk about ghosts. He said he'd never seen one, but that his grandmother in Ireland had a pet spook.

"It wore a rope around its neck and its head was all to one side, like it had been hanged," he told us. "It always came on Friday night. Never Monday or Tuesday, and Friday—"

Uncle Caleb was telling about a phantom lighthouse he'd seen off New South Wales when Jimmy came to the door and called:

"Come on, all of you! I've found something."

I knew by his voice that it was important. Also that whatever solution he'd worked out in the cove was right.

There was something else too. Something back of it. I couldn't identify at the moment. I credited it to the fig brandy and let it go at that.

The deck was dark and damp, with beads of moisture dripping from the rigging, but there was enough light to see by, both on deck and in the cove. Instead the wind was coming from the southeast, bringing a sharp salty smell of the open sea. It was strong and steady, setting across the Magdana's decks, slapping her chronometer aside and setting all the rigging aloft.

Jimmy led the way amidships, near the spot where Grandma Booker and I had explored the night before.

He said, "It's up there. In the shrouds at the fourteenth rat-line. Get up there, Hogan. Take Uncle Caleb and Hogan to see it first."

Uncle Caleb took the electric torch and started up, insisting that he went. As I started to follow, Jimmy said, "Not you, Chris. Then he gave a low whistle.

Jimmy called, "See one?"

Uncle Caleb said, "I'm a son of a sea cook!"

There was nothing, Jimmy very warned, that took and knew an oath.

A moment later Uncle Caleb was down on the deck beside us. He took the torch from the deputy who began turning more slowly.

I asked, "What in the name of—"

Uncle Caleb said, "Two hairs caught in the rattlin'. Two long, coarse black hairs."

I began to think I'd had too much fig brandy.

Grandma Booker had found hairs in the rigging the night before. Long black hairs. But that was on the port side and lower down. Also she had admitted planting them herself. And Jimmy had thrown them overboard. Now he and Uncle Caleb were finding hairs long and coarse and black.

I asked, "Are the hairs curly?"

When he said, "No. Straight. As straight as Yin Dak's," I knew I must be drunk. Or crazy.

"They are Yin Dak's," the deputy said sliding down beside us. "I helped bring the body up to Avalon and I know."

He was breathing hard and fast. It was easy to see he was excited and happy at the idea of having big news to report to Garrison.

That's not all," he went on. "There's a button with a piece of cloth torn off it that's caught in a splicing. And there was a button missing from the sleeve of Yin Dak's coat. I heard the Lieutenant talking about it."

Garrison's voice called from alongside:

"Heard me talking about what?"

He sounded angry and curious at the same time. Before the deputy could explain, Garrison broke loose at the stern of the boat. Screeching and heaving, thumping and rattling. I had heard the orang-outang stage effects twice before, but each time it was startling. Suddenly like that in the middle of the darkness it was painfully startling.

Somebody said, "Shut that damned thing off!" It was Jimmy.

Somebody else said, "It's not that he smells so. He ain't good down when I speak to him."

I saw it was Kusak coming aboard, followed by two more deputies. They were bringing him to get his clothes before they shipped him over to Avalon.

Kusak went to the stern of the boat and talked to Hogan. The ape stopped screeching and shaking the bars of his cage and began to make little bubbling sounds in his throat.

For back in my mind a thought started to form. I had been left with Penny and Kusak and the two times I'd heard the ape make his racket before. But I didn't have a chance to finish the thought. Garrison was saying to the deputy:

"Will not tell me how these people happen to be here? I tell exact orders that no one and was to come aboard."

"I didn't think you meant the Sapper," the deputy said hesitantly. "I thought you meant—"

Mr. Lane's found something important. Something that shows Yin Dak was here on the boat last night."

Garrison said, "Is that so?" in an unpleasant look of voice. Mr. Lane doesn't look in any condition to find anything. Or the other gentlemen either."

I looked at Jimmy and Uncle Caleb and saw what he meant. Jimmy had been sleepless for a day and a night, and shaveless as well. He was still dressed in the corduroy trousers, pull-over sweater and muffler he affected on the Wanderlust. In addition to that there was the matter of the fig brew. Five minutes before, he had seemed sober enough. Now he was swaying on his feet.

He said, "Never mind, it looks Lieutenant. How about a fig drink before you go up into the rigging?"

"I don't want a drink. And what makes you think I'm going into the rigging?"

Jimmy said, "I'm clairvoyant. Seventh son of a seventh son of a gun, is the stars tell me you're born to do some climbing."

He guessed right. After the deputy had told Garrison what Jimmy had found the Lieutenant shinned up the rattlines like a sailor boy.

When he came down his face was a study. He hated to hand anything to Jimmy Lane, and hated still more to give credit to Uncle Caleb. But there they were. The two black hairs on the button. And there was Hogan, the deputy expecting Garrison to be pleased and happy.

There was no way out. Garrison didn't look pleased and happy.

He said stiffly, "I'm extremely grateful to you for this discovery, Mr. Lane."

Jimmy said thinly, "Don't mention it, Mattie of fact. I was lookin' for something else. Just happen to come across it by good luck." He sat down in a pile of rope and put his elbows on his knees. Anybody could see how it's going help us. Yin Dak was dead long before Quinn. Proved that yourself by tide line."

Garrison agreed. Since Jimmy was pointing out obvious deeds he didn't feel he could afford to unbend. He said:

"Something we desire a point too hastily Mr. Lane. When fate deals fairly confronted each other. Then we have the fact that it is there was no one but Yin Dak to put the button there. Now we have evidence that Yin Dak was dead before this boat. That is as we have. If the supreme power that those hairs are from Yin Dak's head, we have no reason to believe they have come on board before dark because the wind was full of rain and there was no one on deck to see the attempt. He must have been there all night. It was a long time to be alone. But darkness falls and night and high tide was at four-thirty. Therefore no matter how much it may look like it, Yin Dak was not dead before high tide."

Jimmy said, "Marvelous. Marvelous."

I said, "But how can you explain that tide line?"

Garrison said, "I can't. Not yet. And of course there's still a possibility that the hair and the button aren't Yin Dak's. That's a matter for experts to decide. In the meantime, I shall hold Kusak."

Kusak! Like a flash, the thought I'd been groping for came to me. It was my one and only contribution to the case, and I'm proud of it.

Listen," I said, "did you notice the racket the orang-outang made when Kusak came aboard just now?"

"Did I notice it? I'm not deaf."

I said, "He's kicked up a hullabaloo like that just twice before. Once, that day when Kusak came aboard from Avalon. The second time was last night after Quinn was murdered."

Garrison murmured, "Oh, wise young judge." A Daisy come to judgment."

Garrison said impatiently, "Well, what are you trying to prove?"

It's simple," I told him. "I'm willing to bet a hundred that you'll find the orang always kicks up that kind of a fuss when Kusak is been away and he catches him scrapping."

The deputy said, "That's right, boss. The ape raised merry hell this afternoon when the mate patrol brought the Polack back. I thought he was going to bust out of his cage."

If that's the case," I said, "then we can establish the time Kusak came aboard the boat last night by the time Penny started his racket. I can't remember exactly when that was. After the noise we discovered Miss Jessup became hysterical. We went down to the galley for water and watched Mrs. Booker treat her. That all took time. It wasn't until we were coming back down the deck that the noise broke loose. Which means Kusak came aboard at least fifteen or twenty minutes after Quinn was dead."

Garrison didn't want to accept it. I could see his mind working as clearly as though it were behind glass. He said that Kusak could have come aboard earlier. That had entered my head. It wasn't to be able to tell one or other. But as to the case of the hairs and the button, there was only one explanation.

He nodded curtly.

Thanks for the suggestion," he said. "It's quite possible. You may be right. In any case, I'll look into it."

He stepped out on deck and my Uncle Caleb and Jimmy. I did had stepped to his shoulder and he was beginning to say:

"You'd better get your friend back to the hotel, Garrison said. You can get with them, Chief. I won't need you any longer."

We were being dismissed. Good

(Continued on Page 22)

HOW LONG SINCE YOU HAD A RAISE?

YOUR I.C.S. BETTER TRAINING FOR SUCCESS

Send for this valuable FREE Book

Why don't you consider getting a Royal Portable? No matter what your job, a Royal will help you attract attention from the higher-ups, help you stand out as a man worth watching. We have records of hundreds who have been promoted, had their pay raised, because of a Royal. Proof? Send the coupon below for the FREE Book "Your 1A-1 Better Chance for Success." It will open your eyes

SPECIAL OFFER A FEW PENNIES A DAY BUYS THE LATEST MODEL ROYAL PORTABLE

Many below such liberal terms for a genuine Royal the typewriter that's easy for everyone to use. Be sure to look into it while this special offer lasts.

FREE TRIAL in your own home

FREE Touch Typing Guide

FREE Carrying Case

SEND THE COUPON BELOW

GET VALUABLE FREE BOOK

"Your 1A-1 Better Chance for Success" describes a variety of what others have done and how. Contains valuable tips for ambitious men in school or in life. Special section of money-making ideas. Send the coupon now

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Dept. PH-2, 2 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

I should like to know how I can get a Royal Portable for only a few pennies a day, with extra Carrying Case and FREE Touch Typing Course.

I would like a FREE copy of a Royal Portable in my home, without any obligation on my part.

Also send FREE copy of your book, "Your 1A-1 Better Chance for Success."

Name

Address

BANISH WINTER CURSE

Install an ALKOSAVE NOW AND END FREEZE UP WORRIES FOR ALL WINTER

LIST PRICE 89¢

EVANS PRODUCTS COMPANY 1213 Evans Street NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

IF THERE'S anything new in the field of science, you'll find it described in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

"CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES"

Say THESE FOUR STARS OF "MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND"

a Republic Picture

FOR BROWN EYED MARVELOUS PARISIAN TYPE — Dorothy Page

FOR BLUE EYED MARVELOUS DRESDEN TYPE — Tamara Geva

FOR GRAY EYED MARVELOUS PATRICIAN TYPE — Kay Thompson

ASK THE WOMEN of Manhattan or Hollywood or Main Street. Everywhere the news flashes . . . girls feel they look younger, look lovelier, are transformed almost overnight. And the secret is a new makeup . . . Marvelous Eye Matched Makeup. For here at last is

MAKEUP THAT MATCHES face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara in flattering color harmony. And here, just as important is

MAKEUP THAT MATCHES YOU for Marvelous Eye Matched Makeup is keyed to your own true personality color, the color that never changes, the color of your eyes.

ARE YOUR EYES BLUE, like Tamara Geva? Then your favorite drug or department store will recommend Marvelous Dresden type makeup, created especially to glorify your type. Are your eyes brown, like Dorothy Page? Now glamour awaits you in Marvelous Parisian type. If your eyes are hazel, the charming Ann Dvorak's Continental type will reveal your true beauty. If they're gray, like Kay Thompson's, be lovelier with Marvelous Patrician type. Full size packages face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow or mascara, each item only 55¢ (Canada 60¢).

TRUST THE MOVIE STARS. Try their beauty secret. Your mirror . . . your mood . . . will confirm your new allure . . . in Marvelous Eye Matched Makeup!

Harmonizing ROUGE LIPSTICK FACE POWDER EYE SHADOW MASCARA 55¢ each

FOR GLAMOROUS HAZEL EYED Ann Dvorak MARVELOUS CONTINENTAL TYPE

MARVELOUS Eye-Matched MAKEUP by RICHARD HUDNUT

Paris London New York Toronto Buenos Aires Berlin

© 1937, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

BETTER LOOKING HAIR IN HALF A MINUTE

New 3-ACTION HAIR TONIC

1 QUICK, EASY GROOMING

2 REMOVES DANDRUFF

3 HELPS CHECK PREMATURE BALDNESS

WILDROOT HAIR TONIC *with Oil*

Thirteen On Board

by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

(Continued from Page 21)

ly and politely but still, dismissed. I began to feel annoyed with Jimmy. I'd not wanted to be involved in the case, but now that we were in it, I wanted to see the thing settled in a clean-cut fashion. Since Jimmy had chosen to fill himself up on fig brandy there was no one to trim the edges and make them ship-shape.

I went over and shook him by the shoulder.

Wake up, I said. It's time we went ashore.

He settled himself stubbornly. "Won't go shore 'til Mack-rel Mike comes," he said. He long any minute."

I thought he was talking gibberish and shook him again, but before he was through I realized I heard the crisp snapping of a Diesel engine. Around the jutting point of Sugar Loaf a boat was appearing. To my astonishment I recognized the Wanderlust which had been for the past three days quietly at anchor in Avalon harbor.

What's Jimmy putting to sea, I wondered, or was this merely some crazy drunken notion?

I muttered still more, when the Wanderlust instead of dropping in to the Magdala slipped past us and up to the wharf. Here she discharged a single passenger, Mack-rel Mike. Then swaying in a wide circle through the cove beyond the hotel she headed back sharp blasts on her fog whistle and shot back toward Sugar Loaf again.

"Jimmy was asking. Now what's that Yin Dak-trivery?" when Uncle Caleb sang out.

"I've got it! It wasn't the tide. It was the Coast Guard cruiser."

Garrison demanded. Are you raving? But you could tell by his voice he was already getting the idea. He didn't really need Uncle Caleb's brush to the explanation.

Jimmy was the way the Wanderlust threw waves up on the beach when she swung around in the cove. The reverse cruiser has bigger engines and she makes an awful wake, Sandy. She was here last night, bringing you over from the mainland."

I brushed for him. It was the proper name that washed over the Nor dead tide."

Garrison said. "You're right. It could have been the cruiser." He went on slowly. "Which means Yin Dak swam out to the ship, killed Quinn, swam back and was climbing that path in the dark when he fell and broke his neck."

He sighed partly. I think from sheer relief. He was so pleased to hand any credit to Uncle Caleb. I should probably have figured that out for myself but that thank you for saving me from it.

"Aye, aye," Uncle Caleb said. "That's right, boys. Now it makes up and let's get going. Now the mystery is solved. I'm planning to dress the mud flats."

But there was something odd in the way he said it. Something that didn't ring quite true.

CHAPTER XXVII

Home-Made Solution

We left Garrison on board the Magnola arranging for Rosie's re-

[illegible] Uncle Caleb came with us [illegible]

He said, I think I'll just have a little message down to Miss Rosie's home. Tell Connie her father's safe and sound and that young Larry is out of trouble."

Jimmy agreed that it was a good idea.

"Something to it, Sandy," he said. "When it gets there will her it's a present by way of a celebration. I'll tell you when I've had a shave. It is about it. If I can get this beard off, you will not take like the battery for the House of David."

There wasn't anything wrong with his voice when he said it, and his eyes were perfectly steady as he walked down the hall toward our rooms.

I kept quiet until the door closed behind us and he was turning on the light. Then I said:

"There wasn't any button in the starboard rigging yesterday. And there weren't any straight black hairs. I know, because I went all over it. And so did you.

Jimmy said. "You're dreaming."

He went into the bathroom, stripped off his neckerchief and jersey and took out his razor and shaving cream.

All right, then I'm dreaming. But I didn't dream you were drunk as a lord quarter of an hour ago and sober as a judge this minute."

Jimmy lathered his face and began shaving. After a moment he said:

Amateur detectives have to drink. It's expected of 'em. Read Dashiell Hammett."

Yes." And then maybe it was because you knew garrison would be off his guard if he thought you were "crocked?" I suggested.

Hed be less likely to suspect your planted those clues."

Jimmy said. "Hush." He put down his razor and closed the window. "If you've got to say foul things like that, keep your voice down. And for Peter's sake, don't say them to anyone but me.

I'll go yelling them down the crescent if you don't tell me what it's all about," I said to him. "I suppose you got the hairs and the button when we were in with Yin Dak's body."

I did not." Jimmy's face was half covered by lather but the part that showed turned red and angry. "I didn't, I suppose." I found them in the cove at the spot where Yin Dak was killed."

That's impossible. Garrison went over the ground with a fine tooth comb."

He went over the ground where the body was found. Yin Hid that wasn't where Yin Dak was killed."

The big rock," I guessed. That's what you were doing down there with the ladders."

Jimmy said yes. That was it. Hed noticed the button was missing when he looked at Yin Dak's coat sleeve in the room with the bodies. Mack-rel Mike told him of the beach that the body hadn't been found. That set him to thinking. That and the fact that Yin Dak's neck was not only broken but his skull fractured as well.

That on the chance," he said. I looked for the only other spot that couldn't be seen from the Magnola.

Why the Magnola?"

Because the men wasn't up this from the hotel or past the rocks prevented that. But most of it could be seen from the bow of the Magnola. Even though it was dusk, the murderer would naturally choose some hidden place for his dirty work.

Yin Dak wasn't murdered," I protested. He was killed accidentally when he fell from the cliff."

Jimmy didn't answer for a moment. Then he said slowly: Yin Dak was murdered. His head was crushed by a stone. That his body was carried up the path and thrown over the edge to make it look as though he had fallen accidentally."

He Quinn, of course. That's the reason Quinn took that pair of old tennis shoes and went out getting ready to destroy his accomplice. He wanted to get rid of anything which might link him to Yin Dak. He'd not counted from starting the time he was taking that."

Yin Dak was after Quinn for hot money, we know that. He'd caught up with him in San Pedro. Uncle Caleb saw him there. He'd followed him to Avalon. Quinn tried to scrape down a cliff in the boat, which is very easy, set so suddenly without warning for the shoals ports."

Then he was overtaken in Avalon by that gale. The men came aboard bustling about meeting a Cambodian and getting some lonely new words for typhoon. That was a shock to Quinn. He first gave orders for the boat to sail that night. Then, I imagine, he got to thinking. Yin Dak had caught up with him twice, he would probably run him to make trouble. Better to get it over and done with."

Jimmy finished shaving, slapped on some toilet water and came back into the bedroom.

I'm not saying Quinn planned definitely to kill Yin Dak at the time, although it must have been in the back of his mind when he began making that swim. During the next hour none of us were watching him very closely. If you remember, he was swimming in and out of the pier and around the rocks. Sometimes he was out of sight for as long as five or ten minutes. During one of those intervals he must have gone ashore in the cove. We know that Yin was there at that time. He was seen both by Jessop and by Dobbs. The two may have had a talk, or Quinn may have crept up behind him. All this is only speculation. The rest I'm sure of."

How can you be sure.

Because it was all written there in the cove. Back of that huge rock I found a small, jagged piece of granite with blood on one side. There were two long black hairs sticking to the blood. That was the rock Quinn used to crush Yin Dak's head. The button was torn off by the sharp piece of barnacle when Quinn lifted the body from the rocks to carry it up the path."

So far, so good," I told him. You've cleared it up about Yin Dak. But nothing you've told me explains why you planted those hairs and the button in Yin Dak was already dead."

Jimmy said. "That's the reason. Yin Dak is dead. Nobody can do anything to him. He wanted to kill Quinn. According to Quinn's story about that scar, once he did kill him, to all intents and purposes. It was just bad luck that he lived. Why not let Yin Dak take the blame for the second death?"

Jimmy had his coat on now, and was at the door. He faced me, his hand on the knob, and I could see he was almost pleadingly.

You wouldn't punish an old woman who was brave enough to gamble her life in order to save the lives of a dozen other people."

I said. No you were right the first time. It was Grandma."

Jimmy nodded.

It was Grandma, of course, he said. I think I really knew it all along. Only I refused to believe. And later, when there was a chance to tell me, she was too proud to ask me. She'd rather be thought a monster than admit she could be guilty. But I kept being forced back to her. Those hairs on the beach, after I'd gone to all that trouble to convince myself they couldn't possibly be Yin Dak. I knew there weren't any gray hairs on Uncle Caleb's head. Grandma must have killed Quinn."

So you removed Grandma's hair, pulled out a few of your own, rigging, and deliberately solved the case all wrong."

For the first time Jimmy's mood lightened and he grinned.

Please, Sandy. I'll never do it again. You figured out the best news about Kansas and the gray Uncle Caleb had the bright idea about the wave from the cruiser."

After you had the Wanderlust brought from the cove."

Jimmy shrugged.

Hm. Just to bring some champagne for a celebration. And now I'm going to celebrate."

He was gone. When I reached Grandma Beaker's room, I found him holding a glass which Uncle Caleb was filling from an iced bottle. Grandma was no longer in bed. Dressed in a plum-colored negligee, she was regally stuffing cheese in a frying pan.

"She's making cheese fuh Larry," Binks announced. "And darling Leonora is packing up to go. She got a motion picture contract out of the murder. They wanted Larry too. But he's going back to college. That is, if they'll still take him."

Grandma said. "Let me poke stop talking and fill your mouth with this." She began serving the steaming mixture. When I set out to make cheese duff, I make it in spite of death, taxes or typhoons."

Myra Kennedy held up a glass.

Here's to you old darling," she said. "Where I'm your age you'll have half your spunk."

Uncle Caleb said. "I'll drink to that and say aye, aye."

Jimmy held up the glass and looked over the pale amber liquid at Grandma Beaker.

I'll drink too," he said. "But I'll add a lot to it. May I have your spunk, too, when I never have to prove it?"

The old lady poured back her eyes black and sharp and snapping. We all drank the toast.

Grandma said slowly. "I'm not sure will carry you through a seventy-year voyage. I'm sure, some and rewarding what's to done and doing it, come in or high water. Remember that, Mr. Lane, if ever your love seems. Do what you're going to do and quit an awkward hanging back. That anybody want some cheese duff?"

The End

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Oranges	Grapefruit	Pineapple	Stewed Prunes	Banana with Cream	Grapes	Grapefruit
Whole Grain Cereal	Cereal	Puffed Rice	Cereal	Cereal	Cereal	Cereal
Broiled Bacon	Toast	Plain Omelet	Cream of Wheat	Toast	Toast	Broiled Bacon
Cornmeal Muffins	Coffee	Toast	Toast	Coffee	Coffee	Toast
Cocoa	Marmalade	Coffee	Marmalade	Milk	Marmalade	Coffee
Mid-day Tidbits	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*
Luncheon	Spanish Corn Custard	Hot Egg Sandwiches	Cream of Tomato Soup	Cream of Celery Soup	Cream of Pea Soup	Hot Roast Beef Sandwiches
Cream of Tomato Soup	Toasted Cheese Sandwiches	Cocoa	Toasted Ham Sandwiches	Toasted Cheese Sandwiches	Toasted Ham Sandwiches	Cocoa
Ham Pie	Milk	Cream Pie	Cocoa	Milk	Milk	Milk
Gingerbread	Cocoa	Milk	Milk	Cocoa	Cocoa	Cocoa
Milk	Pineapple Sherbet	Cocoa	Cocoa	Cocoa	Cocoa	Cocoa
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*
Apple Jelly	Baked Beans	Baked Beans	Baked Beans	Baked Beans	Baked Beans	Baked Beans
Pork Roast	Boiled Potatoes	Boiled Potatoes	Boiled Potatoes	Boiled Potatoes	Boiled Potatoes	Boiled Potatoes
Boiled Potatoes	Creamed Onions	Creamed Onions	Creamed Onions	Creamed Onions	Creamed Onions	Creamed Onions
Apple Sauce	Baked Apples	Cabbage Salad	Cabbage Salad	Cabbage Salad	Cabbage Salad	Cabbage Salad
Cabbage Salad	Cabbage Salad	Hot Rolls	Hot Rolls	Hot Rolls	Hot Rolls	Hot Rolls
Hot Rolls	Hot Rolls	Butter	Butter	Butter	Butter	Butter
Butter	Butter	Tea	Tea	Tea	Tea	Tea
Tea	Tea	Prune Whip	Prune Whip	Prune Whip	Prune Whip	Prune Whip
Prune Whip	Prune Whip	Cookies	Cookies	Cookies	Cookies	Cookies
Cookies	Cookies	*Supper*	*Supper*	*Supper*	*Supper*	*Supper*
Supper	*Supper*	Cream of Pea Soup	Cream of Tomato Soup	Cream of Celery Soup	Cream of Pea Soup	Cream of Tomato Soup
Cream of Tomato Soup	Cream of Celery Soup	Toasted Cheese Sandwiches	Toasted Ham Sandwiches	Toasted Cheese Sandwiches	Toasted Ham Sandwiches	Toasted Cheese Sandwiches
Toasted Cheese Sandwiches	Toasted Ham Sandwiches	Cocoa	Cocoa	Cocoa	Cocoa	Cocoa
Cocoa	Cocoa	Milk	Milk	Milk	Milk	Milk
Milk	Milk	Cocoa	Cocoa	Cocoa	Cocoa	Cocoa
Cocoa	Cocoa	Cocoa	Cocoa	Cocoa	Cocoa	Cocoa
Cocoa	Cocoa	Cocoa	Cocoa	Cocoa	Cocoa	Cocoa

MOTHERS! Make this "light test" of the new *Soft-Weve* Waldorf. See for yourself its smooth, uniform texture—like soft cloth. No thin spots, no "humps," dirt specks or splinters. Its softness means extra comfort and protection for your little folks—it can't irritate tender membranes.

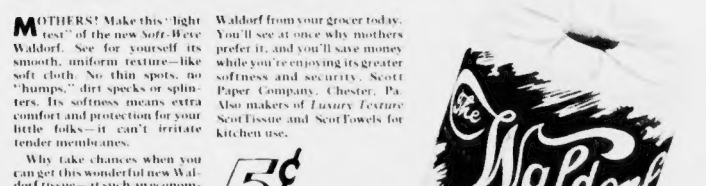
Why take chances when you can get this wonderful new Waldorf tissue—at such an economical price? Each roll lasts longer than ordinary tissue, too, because of its greater absorbency.

Order a supply of *Soft-Weve* Waldorf from your grocer today. You'll see at once why mothers prefer it, and you'll save money while you're enjoying its greater softness and security. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa. Also makers of *Luxury Texture* ScotTissue and ScotTowels for kitchen use.

5¢ A ROLL

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING TISSUE

The Waldorf A Scott Tissue



FREEZONE

Use Plastic Wood for 1001 Repairs

PLASTIC WOOD

WONDERFUL for BEAUTY

M TIRED OF THIN, MUSSY HAIR?
TRY SOMETHING A LOT BETTER
CUTICURA SOAP
LOOK WHAT HAPPENED
ANN, YOUR SKIN IS LOVELY TONIGHT
I DISCOVERED AN AMAZING, INEXPENSIVE BEAUTY TREATMENT... CUTICURA SOAP FOR A BLEMISHED SKIN. THE COMPLETE TREATMENT IS CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

STOP PAIN INSTANTLY

Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Sore Toes

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Corns

Dr. Scholl's FREEZONE stops aching corns. Soon it stops hurting, then in a few days you lift the corn right off with the fingers. You'll laugh, really it is so easy and doesn't hurt one bit. Works like a charm.

A bottle of FREEZONE costs only a few cents at any drug store, and is sufficient to remove most hard corns, soft corns and callouses. Try it!

New Tools for Old Tasks

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency

WITH Thanksgiving just around the cooking corner and the most notable holidays of the year following after in a row, it will interest every home-maker to hear about new pans, new molds and new gadgets with which to make foods attractive.

Since stars shine down on all holiday occasions there should be a good acceptance of a novel set of star molds made of light-weight aluminum. There are nine pieces in the set, a large two-quart size and eight small matching stars. What could be more suitable for serving ruby red cranberry sauce sparkling gelatine or frozen desserts? For a lodge party, as well as for other hospitality events these matching star molds are sure to be a welcome addition to the array of cooking tools.

Women of cranberry sauce recipe the greater need for straining and mixing tools in cold weather. Cream soups for oysters as well as oysters on a chilly day require fine straining and even blending of materials if they are to be richly smooth and creamy. So, most emphatically, should the fruit cocktails of whipped and airy ingredients be strained finely.

There is a particularly handy fine-mesh wire strainer and shaker which strains to assure it rested from the fruit juice or pulp and from the fruit husks or pressed against the food pulp and thus forces it through the fine strainer. Not only for cocktails does this shaker-strainer work so quickly and thoroughly, but also in mixing and straining the many inexpensive fruit-ades in vogue.

Pastry is always an important item at this season of the year, as we will be in the kitchen. If there are still some women who can't make a tender crust, they should investigate the possibilities of a special new pastry set.

This consists of a heavy canvas square on which to roll out the pastry, and also a knitted cover on the rolling-pin. This cover is made of cotton of the extra fine and close mesh that prevents the rolling pin pressing too hard on the dough. As every cook knows, tender pastry results from a soft, flaky dough. Dough that will not be pressed if it is to be flaky. The practical pastry set will help the pie-maker, especially the inexperienced.

Thermometers in general may not appear to be cooking utensils. But how can cooking be accurate and scientific unless exact temperatures are known. The fully equipped kitchen includes special thermometers, such as one for testing candy, another for deep fat frying, and still another for testing and indicating how the cooking or progressing in a roast of meat.

The candy thermometer is to be clamped into the edge of the saucepan in which the candy syrup is cooking. There it will instantly indicate whether the candy is at the various soft ball, hard-crack or other recognized stages.

Deep fat frying is another cooking process which depends on exact temperatures for perfect results. Uniformly golden brown, crispness fritters, French fried potatoes, doughnuts, croquettes and other delicacies of the deep kettle mixed when the fat is exactly hot enough but never too hot for frying. The deep fat thermometer also makes housekeeping a more convenient task, for it can be left in the fat kettle and indicates the correct temperature for each variety of food.

How do you like your roast? Some like it rare, others medium, and still others rebel unless all the juices have been cooked out of it. The thermometer family is the ready meat thermometer. This probe-like meter with its characteristic tip is to be inserted in the thickest part of the roast before it goes into the oven. The metal portion of the thermometer as it registers from the roast, will quickly and accurately indicate the point of doneness. Then one may safely, surely, exactly roast and assure the meat being done to a turn.

Even as standard an article as the tea kettle has been modernized at the hands of thoughtful designers. Like the early motor cars, the old-fashioned kettle was high, but not wide and handsome. Its modern counterpart is naturally streamlined, low, squat and holding to the ground, or in this case the heating surface of the range. In a new model the triangular spout admits filling from the top and pours easily always an important point in a kettle or pitcher. It has a cool, non-slip handle and a valve in the cover prevents the great loss of water even when the kettle is rapidly boiling. And a good looking new kettle will do a lot to bring a decorative note into any kitchen.

With the holidays so closely approaching there's sure to be plenty of dish-washing. So it might be a good plan to reorganize or rearrange both the dish storage space and everything to do with dish-washing equipment.

How are your plates and other dishes placed on your shelves? In a horizontal stack one above the other? Or are they placed upright vertically as letters are arranged in a filing cabinet?

In most homes the horizontal placement is standard. But there is much to recommend the more practical vertical arrangement of dishes set upright in racks designed to hold them. These racks are made of heavy wire enameled in gay kitchen colors and set on the shelves or in the cupboard. If most of these racks in suitable sizes will give easier access to the dishes because instead of having to pull a dish from under a pile, you merely lift the separate and can be readily removed from the rack.

Dish-washing too can be made more rapid and dish-drying time reduced by using a well arranged plate or drying-rack at the left side of the sink. A popular model of these racks is of heavy enameled wire, standing on reinforced rubber legs which keep it steady and safe.

There has just appeared on the market a small compact washer operated not on current but by the automatic action of the water from the faucet. Its manufacturers claim that it requires less than five minutes to wash a small batch of dishes and silver, both washing, rinsing and sterilizing them. The washer consists of a neat metal box which stands either in or adjoining the sink.

Some jokester once unkindly said: "The modern woman is not a cook but a can-opener. There is no denying that she makes generous use of this little kitchen tool. In colder weather when fresh fruits and vegetables are less in use, the can-opener sees very service. And while there are many excellent portable openers, there is much to say in behalf of a wall model. The stationary opener is always visible, always ready and has the great virtue of never being mislaid. And a can-opener is one thing you want when you want it.

One excellent model is made to screw permanently into the wall, preferably at seat level, and near or above the modern table. In such a location it is always ready to have the contents of the can lined into the saucepan before the can is opened. The lever arms the can fits under the little wheel cutter of the opener and simultaneously presses down a small rod to keep the can steady. Then when the right hand turns the little rotary handle, the top of the can is rapidly cut out neat and entire.

"Yes, we're finer and smoother in texture than the finest strained foods!"
Libby's HOMOGENIZED
VEGETABLE
Libby's HOMOGENIZED
GRANULATED COMBINATION PEAS
VEGETABLES
"Libby's special process completely breaks up coarse fibers and tough-walled food cells."

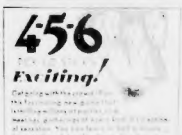
No wonder Libby's Baby Foods are *Extra easy to digest!*

3 FOODS IN EVERY TIN!

Libby's HOMOGENIZED BABY FOODS

FREE! . . . to Mothers

456 Exciting!



DOUBLE SAVING
For Wearers of
FALSE TEETH

ONE STOVE ALONE
GIVES THIS FOURFOLD COMFORT

SUPERFEX combines circulating, radiating and directed heat with the convenience of economical fuel oil.

You might as well have real comfort this winter. There's no need to sit yourself down to any one kind of heating when you can have all of them with SUPERFEX.

In mild weather when you want an evenly circulated, gentle heat, close all the shutters on your SUPERFEX heater and so the heat rise and circulate like warm air furnace heat. When you come in out of the cold, and blustery weather and want to feel a blast of heat right out into the room, open the shutters wide and enjoy radiating heat. Adjust the shutters so one, two or three sides at any desired angle, to throw directed heat down ward to warm the floor.

The new SUPERFEX has been especially designed to burn a wide variety of domestic fuel oils. Easy to start and simple adjustments regulate for just the heat you want. SUPERFEX gives you convenience and fuel economy as well as warm comfort. Several sizes, modern design and porcelain enamel finish. See your dealer for a demonstration.

SUPERFEX
OIL BURNING HEATERS

For a chilly spot in any room, get a handy portable PERFECTION Heater. Modern beauty, quality for ashes. 10 to 12 hours of warm comfort from a gallon of kerosene.

PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY, 7831 Platt Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
Please send me the booklet about SUPERFEX HEAT-DIRECTOR OIL-BURNING HEATERS.
Name
Address
Post Office
County State

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3754 TWO PIECES ARE SMARTER THAN ONE! WHEN IT COMES TO DAINTY AFTERNOON FROCKS SUCH AS THIS PRETTY MODEL. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3755 WHAT COULD BE SMARTER THAN A PAIR OF DELIGHTFUL PANEL STYLE THAT MAY GO SMARTLY TO SCHOOL, OFFICE OR AFTERNOON TEA. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch fabric.

Pattern 3574 WHAT COULD BE SMARTER THAN A PAIR OF DELIGHTFUL PANEL STYLE THAT MAY GO SMARTLY TO SCHOOL, OFFICE OR AFTERNOON TEA. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3753 USE UP YOUR WOOL SCRAPS ON THE FLOWERS OF THIS GAY AFGHAN CROCHETED ONE MEDALLION AT A TIME. Pattern 3757 contains detailed instructions for making an afghan of 6½ inch medallions; material requirements, illustrations of the afghan and of all stitches required; color suggestions.

Pattern 3756 GET DRESSED QUICKLY IN THE MORNINGS IN THIS WEAR-IN-THE-FROCK THAT WILL LOOK CHIC ALL DAY LONG. Designed for misses and women's sizes 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3756 STITCH UP THIS DOLLY WARDROBE AS A GIFT FOR YOUR LITTLE GIRL'S CHRISTMAS. GOOD IN COLORFUL SCRAPS OF COTTON. Designed for dolls measuring 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 inches. For individual yardages see pattern.

PRICE OF PATTERNS 15c EACH.

Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly SIZES, PATTERN NUMBERS, YOUR NAME, YOUR STREET AD-DRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15c in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for each pattern and address your envelope to

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT.
635 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

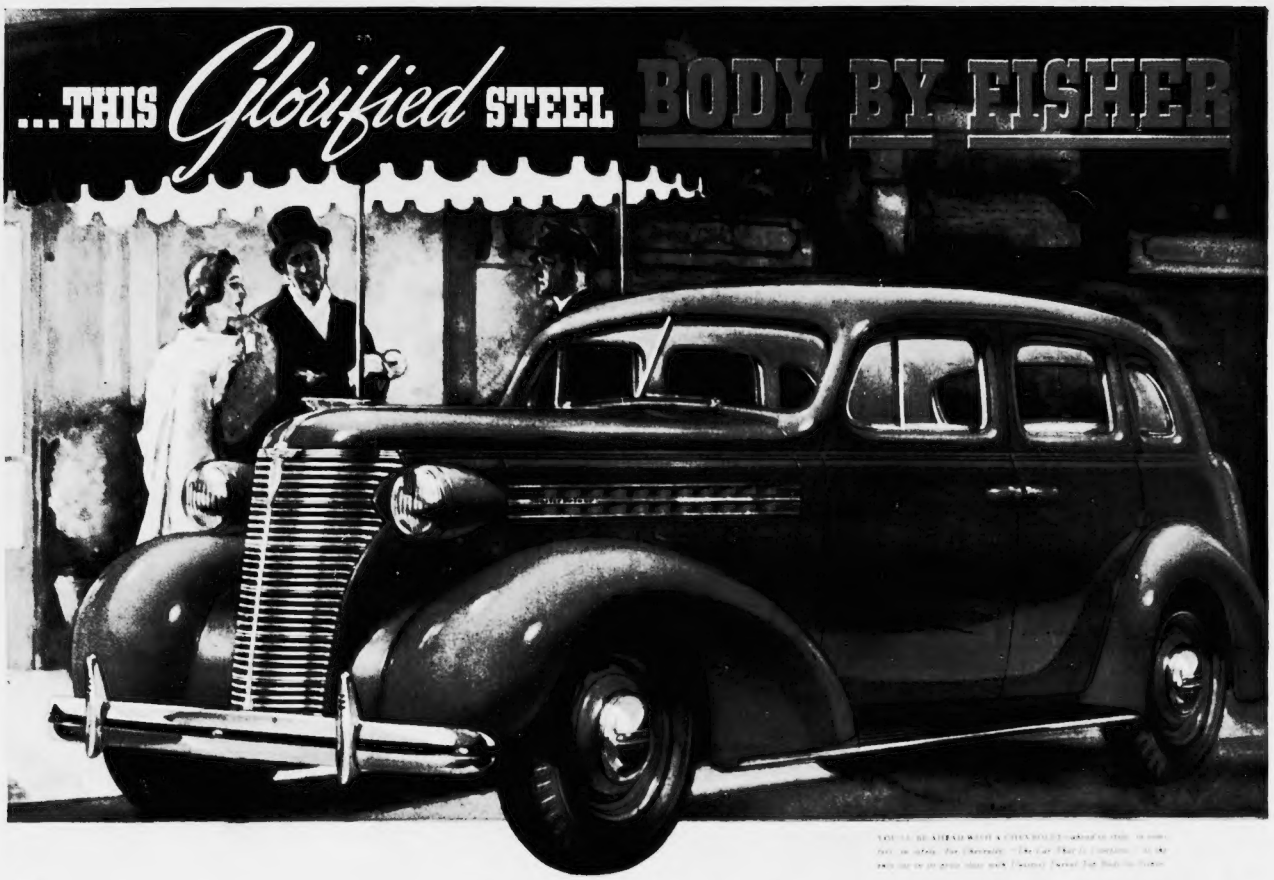
Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the pages in this and other issues of The American Weekly you will be well informed in every field of science and in every specialty in every field.

© 1937, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved

AGAIN IT "STEELS" THE SHOW

...THIS *Glorified* STEEL BODY BY FISHER



ONCE more history runs true to form...repeats.

At this year's automobile shows, the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher takes the spotlight — just as it did twelve months ago.

For in this glorified steel body, steel means much more than protection against highway hazard.

Steel, in the deft hands of the craftsmen who fashioned this body, takes on a new quality, and the sturdy and unyielding metal has been formed into a structure of conspicuous beauty, smartly styled and enduringly handsome.

And the safety that the word "steel" has always implied is achieved to a superlative degree in this eye-filling Body by Fisher.

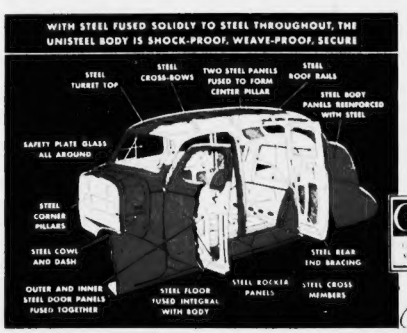
It's the safety that only a solid unit of steel can give — steel overhead, steel underfoot, steel all around you—steel fused to steel, insuring a body that is shock-proof and weave-proof, free of all tinniness and rattle.

Within this graceful and sturdy structure, comfort awaits all those that enter its wide, free-swinging doors. Seats are wide, deep and restful. The floor is low and the ceiling high. There's ample room to stretch out, to relax in a smartly upholstered, luxuriously appointed interior.

Effectively insulated against heat and cold and noise, the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher also provides wholesome fresh air in fair and inclement weather. Fisher No Draft Ventilation takes care of that.

No wonder the crowds at the 1938 automobile shows regard the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher as the year's outstanding contribution to motoring safety, luxurious comfort and style.

It also explains why the General Motors cars on display at the shows are singled out by admiring and knowing eyes, for only General Motors cars have the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher.


WITH STEEL FUSED SOLIDLY TO STEEL THROUGHOUT, THE UNISTEEL BODY IS SHOCK-PROOF, WEAVE-PROOF, SECURE
STEEL TURRET TOP
STEEL CROSS-BOWS
TWO STEEL PANELS FUSED TO FORM CENTER PILLAR
STEEL ROOF RAILS
STEEL BODY PANELS REENFORCED WITH STEEL
SAFETY PLATE GLASS ALL AROUND
STEEL CORNER PILLARS
STEEL COWL AND DASH
STEEL REAR END BRACING
OUTER AND INNER STEEL DOOR PANELS FUSED TOGETHER
STEEL FLOOR FUSED INTEGRAL WITH BODY
STEEL ROCKER PANELS
STEEL CROSS MEMBERS

You Get All This 1938 Safety, Comfort and Style Only in BODY by FISHER

1. *All windows give improved visibility.*
2. *New styling provides more room for greater comfort.*
3. *Soft-wool floor protects against exhaust fumes.*
4. *Improved No Draft Ventilation with safety plate glass all around.*
5. *Giant luggage compartments give more room for baggage.*
6. *Wider seats and larger door openings add comfort.*
7. *Turret Top assures extra safety and durability.*
8. *Tuxedo's adjustable front seat has self-coil top — designed for interior safety.*
9. *Famous Fisher interior styling, upholstery and fittings.*
10. *Unisteel construction throughout — all steel panels insulated against heat, cold and noise.*

UNISTEEL TURRET TOP

Body by Fisher

ON GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY: CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · LA SALLE · CADILLAC